

R. Baloch



THE PATRICIAN

80
90

St. Patrick's High School



The new School building



*The old School building
1884-1948*



TO
THE HONOURABLE
JAM SADIQ ALI
CHIEF MINISTER
OF SINDH
THIS ISSUE OF THE PATRICIAN
IS
RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED



THE HONOURABLE
JAM SADIQ ALI
CHIEF MINISTER
OF
SINDH



JAM SADIQ ALI

CHIEF MINISTER, SINDH

4th March, 1991

MESSAGE

This year St. Patrick's completes 130 years of service to God and country. I am pleased to send this message of congratulations to all at my Alma Mater.

Its contribution over the years in the field of education in this province is unsurpassed and greatly appreciated. I am proud to be an Old Patrician.


(JAM SADIQ ALI)

EXTRACT FROM
THE RECORDS OF
ST. PATRICK'S
HIGH SCHOOL, KARACHI

ADMISSION FORM

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Message for Patrician.

A man in the mental hospital, who had long, large periods of sanity (lucid intervals), wrote a novel which was a masterpiece in the first half.

The head of the institution read it with admiration and astonishment. It was really great. But the second half of the novel was nothing except the repetition of the words: "Gee-up! Gee-up" when asked why he filled the second half of his work with only that phrase, the patient replied: "Well, you see, the hero had not untied his horse from the hitching post. So Gee-up was all he could say".

This was probably the insane man's own life history. But there was a very sane point revealed in his insanity.

When we don't cut loose from certain things, certain hitching posts in life, then we spend the balance of our days in a futile cry of "Gee-up", and no matter what successes we may have achieved early in life, we spend the rest of it nagging at a nag which won't go anywhere.

Besides the academic side of education, there is the ethical and spiritual dimension which must be developed. This involves unhitching our lives from inordinate desire for wealth, power and pleasure.

I wish that every Patrician acquires a sound value system while here in school, so that he or she makes a valuable contribution to society.

by Bishop Anthony Lobo



Message for Patrician

It is heartening to learn that the PATRICIAN is to be published shortly and I wish to congratulate the Editorial Board and all associated with it. The purpose of a school magazine is to record what has taken place since the last issue and to be a channel for students to express their views on the main issues that concerns them. It is also an opportunity for them to give of their best and produce a magazine which will do credit to the school and to themselves. It is with hope that I look forward to this issue.

*By O.B.Mascarenhas
Vice-Rector*



Message for Patrician

One of the members of the Editorial Staff of "THE PATRICIAN" approached me for a message for the teachers and students of St. Patrick's Campus. I felt very honoured, and readily agreed to the request.

At the very outset I extend my hearty felicitations to the entire team of participants who were able to produce such a fine magazine, under the able guidance and patronage of His Lordship Bishop Lobo, the Rector of St. Patrick's Campus, who has been conferred with the "Pride of Performance" for Literature by the Government of Pakistan on the Independence Day. The message I wish to convey to the staff and students of the schools is based on my experience of fifty years as a teacher and administrator at Primary, Lower Secondary, Secondary, High Secondary, graduation, 'O' Level, Teacher's Training, and finally Examiner of Post-Graduate classes.

I would like to tell the teachers that teaching is not a profession, it is a vocation, a dedication and service to the children and youth of our country. It is a gift of God and we have been called upon to perform this noble task. The Holy Prophet (PBUH) has said, "it is better to teach knowledge one hour in the night than to pray the whole night".

To the students, my advice is that by attaining knowledge they will not only qualify for material gain but also fulfil the obligation which are incumbent on them viz., their duty to themselves, to their parents, to their teachers and institutions and finally their duty to their country and nation. The greatness of a nation is measured not only by its material progress but also by the educational level achieved by the nation which is the basis of material advancement.

Once, a pupil of St. Thomas Aquinas (Dr. Agelicus), the Father of Thomasian Philosophy, asked him what he should do to build up a rich store of knowledge. Dr. Agelicus said, "See that you thoroughly grasp whatever you read and hear. Check up on doubtful points and do your best to hoard whatever you can in that little book case of you mind; you want to fill it as full as possible. Do not concern yourself with things beyond your competence."

In conclusion I would like to reproduce a saying of the Holy Prophet (PBUH), "Seek knowledge from the cradle to the grave. Go in quest of knowledge even to China."

Prof. Michael M. R. Chohan
Incharge "A" Level.

Message for Patrician

It is always a pleasure to be associated with young people in an extra-curricular venture and the bringing out of this edition of "The Patrician" after a lapse of ten years is particularly gratifying. After some initial set backs it became a race for time-to beat the budget and keep the interest of the editorial staff from evaporating in the excitement of summer holidays. This issue is a joint venture of class 13 and 12 of the A Levels and class 12 editors worked hard towards the end to relieve their older colleagues on the eve of the examination.

It was an education for me to work with such bright and lively pupils and I hope they will go on to bring out many interesting issues of their class and school magazine.

May the team of the Patrician lead on to its healthy maturity!

*from Zohra Siddiqui
Co-ordinator*



Message for Patrician

Hopes to see the magazine in print were dwindling when I joined. Reviving lost interest of the editors and sustaining it through "testing times", harnessing creative talents once again and keeping the ball rolling even through periods of unscheduled school holidays were all part of the effort to see the PATRICIAN to the press.

It was really enjoyable working with a team of young enthusiasts, sometimes impatient for results and at other times playing hide and seek with deadlines ...traits of journalists in the making!

I wish them happy journalism and luck in all their future plans.

*Sajeda Zaidi
Co - ordinator*



Editorial

We are proud to be part of the team that has had the arduous task of reviving 'the Patrician' after a lapse of ten years. The need was felt for a magazine which would reflect the achievements of all the various institutions which make up the St. Patrick's High School Campus. The Matric Section, the Cambridge 'O's and 'A's, the Technical School and the Primary Section. That we have not been entirely successful in doing it we are well aware. Hopefully next year's issue will be more representative of every aspect of academic life on this Campus.

After the first burst of enthusiasm waned, this issue very nearly faced extinction too, but with reinforcements in the shape of another editorial staff comprising of students from class XII(A Levels) new life was breathed into it. The new editors took over from the old ones and carried on the responsible task. This time the work was borne solely by Class XIII and Class XII. Next year we hope to have the active participation of all sections of the school.

With the completion of this issue we feel a great sense of achievement and wish, here, to thank our co-ordinators Mrs. Zohra Siddiqui and Mrs. Sajeda Zaidi for their patience and guidance in helping to bring out this volume of 'the Patrician'.

We pray that the school magazine becomes an intrinsic and permanent part of St. Patrick's High School, embodying its vitality and essence.

By the Editors

The School



Song

WITH GLOR-IOUS FLAG A-LOFT WE MARCH TO KNOW-LEDGE AND TO
TRUTH. WITH WIS-DOH'S GRACE TO LIGHT THE FACE OF ALL OUR BRA-VEST
YOUTH. SAINT PAT-RICK'S, SAINT PAT-RICK'S RISE UP WITH FAITH A-
-BLAZE WITH HOPE'S PURE LIGHT DIS-PERSE THE NIGHT— AND
GUIDE OUR SEP-'RATE WAYS. WITH COU-RAGE HIGH AND HEARTS A-FLAME WE
VEN-TURE IN TO LIFE. IN STREETS AND FIELDS WE BOLD-LY WIELD OUR
HO-NOUR BRIGHT MID STRIFE. SAINT PAT-RICK'S SAINT PAT-RICK'S, RISE
UP WITH FAITH A-BLAZE, WITH HOPE'S PURE LIGHT DIS-PERSE THE NIGHT—
—, AND GUIDE OUR SEP-'RATE WAYS—.

ST. PATRICK'S RISE up with FAITH AblAZE (125 years)

St. Patrick's High School has the honour of being the oldest Roman Catholic School in Sind. The school was initiated in 1845. The Then Governor-General was one of the contributors to the first building erected. St. Patrick's school was started by the Jesuit Fathers on 6 May 1861. The school was originally started off as a co-educational parish institution. The following year, the Daughters of the Cross arrived on the thirteenth of March and started the St. Joseph's convent for girls.

In 1867 "St. Patrick's English School" was officially registered as a high school. Its first candidate appeared in 1869. His name was Thomas Duncan, who stood first class first in the Bombay Presidency.

St. Patrick's High School once occupied the site where the present "Play Hall" of St. Joseph's stands, but compared to the other reputed schools, St. Patrick's huge campus is a sight to behold, despite the fact that the College and the Girls School have their own separate grounds and buildings. The Jesuit Fathers handed over the school to the Franciscan Friars in 1935 who in turn relinquished charge of it to the priests of the Archdiocese of Karachi in 1950. In 1952 Intermediate classes in Arts, Science and Commerce were started and later in 1954 St. Patrick's took one step further by becoming a full fledged, operational Degree College. Around the same time the Teacher's Training Institute was set up. Here teachers were trained for English and Urdu medium, primary and middle schools. In 1972 the college was nationalized, but the teachers college, like the school continues to remain under private management of the Catholic Board of Education.

To meet the needs of our developing country for job oriented education, a technical school was added in the 1960's, leading to matric or diploma certificates in auto-mechanics, air-conditioning and refrigeration, along with metalwork, electronics, electricity, welding and computers.

In the late 1970's the advanced level(A'Levels) classes were added to enable students to continue their studies after passing their senior Cambridge(O'Levels) from either this school or any other school.

St. Patrick's also extends its caring role through its mobile team of teacher trainers, who service 45 schools in poor and backward areas all over Karachi.

Over the years, students of St. Patrick's have rendered noble service to our country. They include the former Prime Minister of Pakistan, Mr. Mohammed Khan Junejo; a former Governor of West-Pakistan, Mr. Yousuf Haroon; a former Chief Minister of Junadagh State, the late Sir Shahnawaz Bhutto, and a former Premier of Sind, the late Mohd. Ayub Khuhro.

This school has given the city of Karachi four Mayors who include the late Ghulam Ali Allana, the late Manuel Misqita, Mr. Mahmood Haroon. Judges of the High Court of Sind from this school include the late Justice C.M.Lobo, the late Justice Edward Raymond, his son, the late Justice Herman Raymond, Justice Z.A. Channa and Justice Imdad Agha. The former Managing Director of PIA, Air Marshal Azim Daudpota, is also an old Patrician.

Pakistan's highest award for valour 'The Nishan-I-Haider' was conferred on Rashid Minhas Shaheed, who we are proud to say was an ex-student of St. Patrick's High School.

Among the outstanding sportsmen this school produced are Mr. Multon D'Mello and Mr. O.B. Nazareth Pakistan Hockey representatives at the 1948 Olympics. The late P.P. Fernandes represented undivided India in Hockey in 1936. Mr. M. Soares represented Pakistan for Badminton at the Thomas Cup in 1954 and Mr. Shamim Haroon was representative for Pakistan in England in 1954 for table Tennis. Mr. Wallis

Mathias, Mr. Khalid Wazir and Mr. Antao D'Souza were all test Cricketers, playing for Pakistan from 1956 & 1959 respectively. St. Patrick's made history when its school team beat India's best team, the 'Bhopal Wanderers' and won the all India Cabral shield in 1941.

In 1981, Faisal Muneeb won the first international prize in letter-writing organized by the United Postal Union (U.P.U.). He was awarded a gold medal from UNESCO and another one from U.P.U.

St. Patrick's scout troop is one of the best in the city and in 1979, a student Iqbal Shariff was chosen on merit to be the sole scout from Pakistan to represent Pakistan at the Australian National Jamboree.

There are four teachers with fifty years of continuous service; Mr. Patrick Mendes, Mr. O.B. Nazareth, the Late Mrs. Katherine Gomes and Mrs. Romaninah D'Mello who is still in service in her 57th year. At least 27 teachers of this school, several of them still serving, have completed their silver Jubilee. Few schools, if any, can boast of such loyalty and dedication.

The first Asian Cardinal, the late Archbishop Valerian Gracias of Bombay was an ex-student of this school. Same goes for the first Archbishop of Pakistan, Archbishop Joseph Cordeiro, the Archbishop of Karachi. The present Archbishop of New Delhi is also an old Patrician. Five out of the total nine Bishops in Pakistan studied from this institution. The present principal, Bishop Anthony Lobo, is the 12th Bishop to be raised from Episcopate from this school.

As St. Patrick's enters the second quarter of its second century, it continues to strive for excellence in the field of education and re-dedicates itself to the total personal development of its students embracing not only the physical, intellectual, social and cultural but above all the moral and spiritual dimensions and inculcating in them the highest, ideals of service to God and humanity.



*Scenes from "The flood", an operetta written and composed especially
for the occasion of the 125th Anniversary of St. Patrick's*



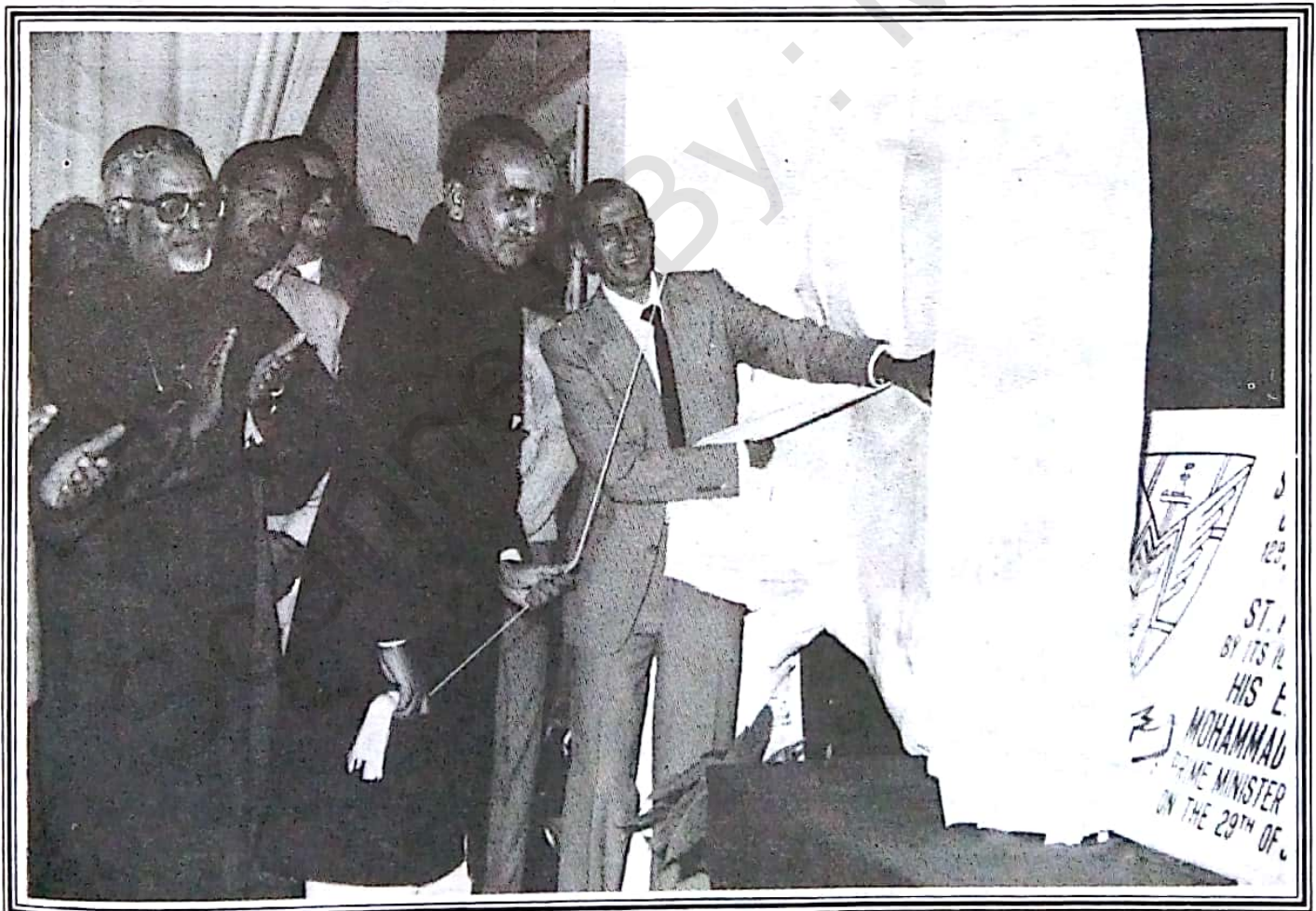
A Historic Visit

One of the most notable events of the school in recent years was the visit, in January 1987, of the then Prime Minister, Mr. Mohammad Khan Junejo. He was invited by the Principal, Bishop Anthony Lobo, to be the Chief Guest at the staging of the play, "The Flood".

The Prime Minister, a distinguished ex-student of the school, lauded the tremendous progress that the school has made in its over 125 year history. He noted that it had made unique contributions to the progress of education in the country. Hundreds of old students of the school held important positions in the public life of the nation. Many MNAs, MPAs, Justices of the Supreme Court prominent doctors, lawyers, educationists, engineers etc., were the products of the school. He paid rich tributes to the Principal and his staff for their dedication, patriotism and devotion to duty. He was sure that the school would go from strength to strength in the years ahead.

The Principal, Bishop Anthony Lobo, said that it was a great honour to have a distinguished statesman such as Prime Minister Junejo as the chief guest on the occasion. He thanked Mr. Junejo for taking time off from his onerous duties to view "The Flood". His presence was a source of strength and encouragement to the school.

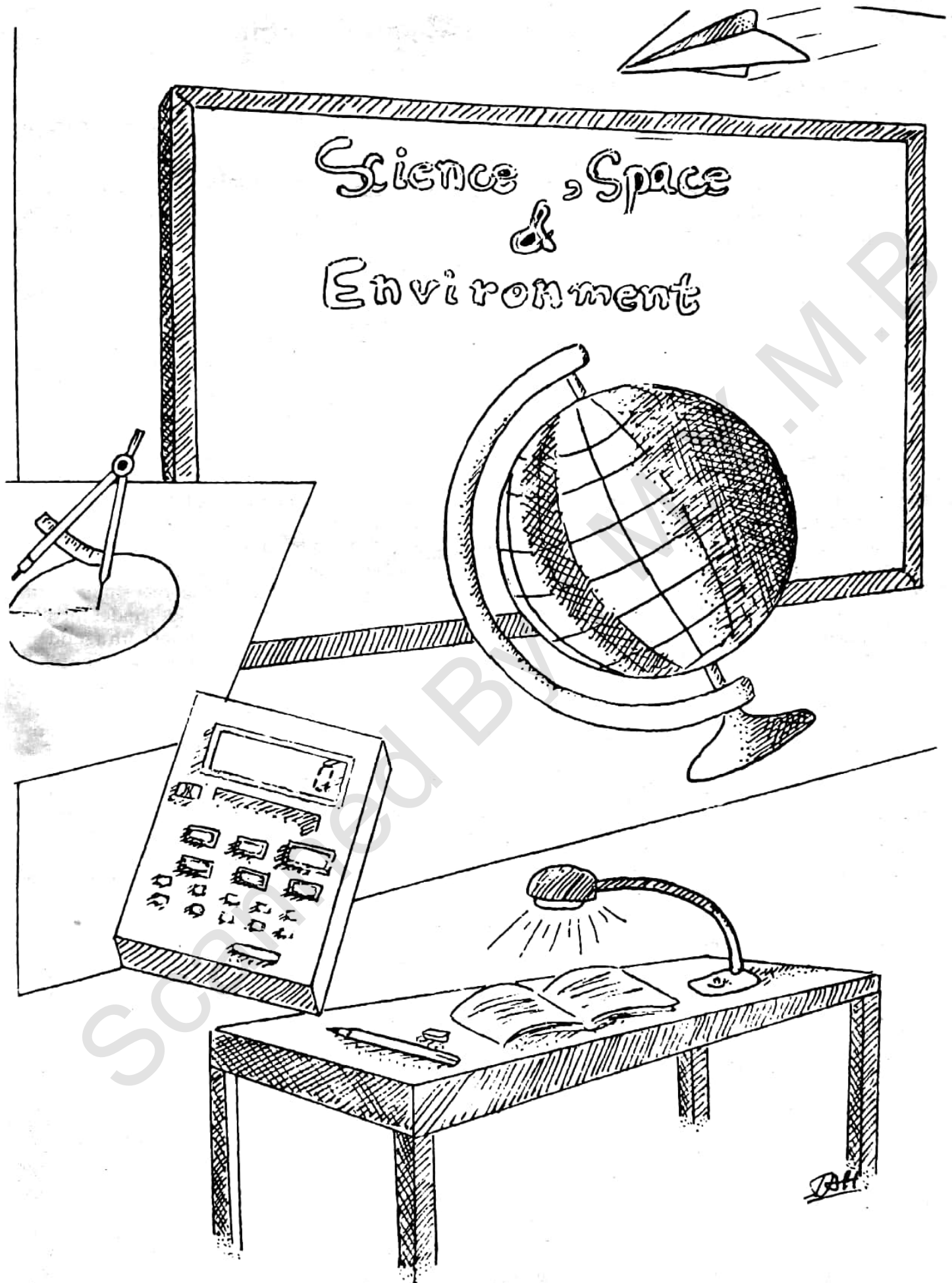
The play which was produced and directed by Mrs. Pettigrew, a well-known drama teacher and producer from the United Kingdom, received unstinted praise from drama critics of all the leading newspapers in the country.





Distinguished guests at the 125th Anniversary of St. Patrick's





Changing the laws of aerodynamics

(Adapted from popular science)

Soon we might have a bold new experimental aircraft that makes use of post stall maneuvers to dramatically reduce its turning radius.

You are strapped to an ejection seat in an aircraft which is shaped like an F-16 Falcon Fighter. The aircraft is being hurled through air, faster than the speed of sound, by an 1800 lbs of thrust producing power plant. In front, a computer display panel shows you the plane's air speed, altitude and a radar which constantly monitors the surrounding airspace for unwanted intruders.

A tiny blip appears on the radar, and the words "Caution... threat" lights up on your display panel. An enemy plane has violated your airspace, closing in on you at one mile every three seconds. With a slight movement of your hand, the aircraft banks sharply towards its left. You turn on the target acquisition radar and key in your mike, calling "ground control, this is Spad-2." "One flogger in hot pursuit, range three miles, engaging... now". You have one thing on your mind, to get the nose of the aircraft to a point in the direction of the bandit, and hold steady long enough for the missile heads to lock on.

The enemy jet is almost on your tail now, rolling and banking, trying to get a missile lock on you. You react instinctively by increasing the air speed slightly and pulling the nose of the aircraft up into a high angle of attack. Just when you should be a sitting duck for the other jet, you turn the tables on it and the situation changes. Your aircraft stalls for a moment, with the nose pointing up towards the sky, then rolls and flops around. The about turn is performed in less than a second and has used up less than 400 meters of airspace. You push the throttle into afterburner and the jet leaps forward, in the opposite direction. While the enemy pilot is trying to figure out what you are trying to do, you perform another similar turn and get the nose of your JWT to point in the direction of the enemy plane. The aim-4 sidewinder missile tracks down the heat signal emitted from the enemy plane's engine and locks onto the target with a sudden buzz. Another bleep goes off inside the enemy plane cockpit signalling a cockpit missile lock on. The pilot tries desperately to manoeuvre the plane to safety, all in vain. For him the dogfight is over, the enemy jet streaks off across the border, back home, defeated. Even as he flees, he cannot believe what he has just witnessed. The aircraft now pointed in one direction, as it flew in the other direction. Planes just do not fly that way.

Until now they did not, but they have conceived a new project, in which an experimental aircraft is designed to perform tight turns while stalling in mid-air. This manoeuvre is called the post stall flight path. The aircraft is being built by U.S.A. and W. Germany and is called the X-31.

The main problem with tight turns at high speed, is that the pilot and the jet are subjected to excessive "G" forces. These forces can cause a momentary loss in vision and can rip off missiles or even the entire wing off the aircraft's body. The only way to turn an aircraft at such high speeds is to momentarily stall the aircraft into a high angle of attack and then use "thrust vectoring" to manoeuvre the aircraft into the desired position. Thrust vectoring is a system by which the exhaust of the Jet is caused to deflect in one way causing the plane to yaw. The aircraft is also equipped with canards (a set of smaller pair of wings near the nose of the aircraft). when required these canards can rotate 90 degrees, causing a stall. The engine intake is shaped like an F-16's and the ejection seat, along with the control panel, is the same as in an F-18.

The first test flight for this aircraft is expected to take place soon. If it works this aircraft will be the deadliest interceptor ever built.

by Ahmed Shahid
Class XIII-Sc.



Animal Protectionist groups

The Scientist's viewpoint.

Compassion is an admired human virtue. Animal protectionist groups, moved by cruelty to animals, have sought to provide a better environment for them through demonstrations and protests. As a result, large national parks have been allotted to animals where they can live and breed in their natural habitat - unspoilt by man's pollution. In the cities, laws passed against cruelty to animals have led to better living conditions for them.

Scientists are sensitive human beings, well endowed with compassion and benevolence, not unlike animal protectionists. Through the decades, by trial and error, they have tried to solve the mystery of a single living cell. For this they have had to experiment on animals to observe their reactions to X-rays and radiation. From these experiments, they have gained knowledge and the cure of several fatal diseases that have taken their toll on the human population. For example, scientists discovered that antibodies against diseases could be made in the horse's body and chicken egg embryos. Scientists have also studied the genetic and chromosomal structure of animal cells to understand and discover the cure of certain hereditary diseases like haemophilia and colour-blindness, prevalent among human beings. Research is currently being carried out mainly through experimentation on animals in search of clues to the cure of Alzheimer's disease and AIDS.

Many experiments conducted on animals include sending them to outer space in sophisticated rockets to discover newer worlds for the expanding human population. The effect of cosmic radiation on such animals has been studied and this knowledge has aided man to reach the moon. Discovering newer worlds and tapping new reserves of energy is crucial at this stage of growing population and fast declining sources of energy.

Animal protectionists should try to understand that scientists are not indifferent to animal suffering. They do not take pleasure in cutting up mute animals in the name of science. Instead, they attempt to understand the working of living things by experimentations for the benefit of mankind. This dilemma cannot be easily resolved and is similar to putting stray dogs and cats to sleep because they are not wanted anymore. If scientists do not work with animals, will any human being volunteer to be a guinea pig for scientific advancement.?

By Ayesha Younas Khan

The Mystery of Tunguska

On the last day of June, 1908, a terrifying explosion occurred in Central Siberia, not far from the dry Tunguska river. Scientists estimate that it had the power of a thermo-nuclear (H-bomb) explosion of between 10 to 30 megatons. And it was marked by the dazzling fireball, searing heat wave, and devastating shock wave that distinguish a nuclear blast.

Even after 10 years the taiga - the characteristic hilly wooden landscape - still bears witness to the catastrophic event that sent turbulent air streams scurrying round the world and gave rise to eerie luminous clouds over Siberia and Northern Europe. When viewed from the air, a butterfly pattern can be seen on the taiga - marking an area of some 70km x 40km, where 60,000 trees lie charred and flattened. Until, recently everyone referred to the events as the Tungus meteorite fall, and assumed that the explosion occurred when a meteorite of large dimensions struck the Earth at high speed. But it was clear that it could have been no ordinary meteorite for it made no crater.

In the 1940's someone suggested that the explosion could have been caused by the spot being struck by a meteorite formed of antimatter. Antimatter is matter which consists of atoms, in which positively charged electrons revolve around a negatively charged nucleus. In normal atoms, negatively charged electrons circle round a positively charged nucleus. If matter and antimatter come into contact, they annihilate each other, with the release of enormous energy. Could it have been this that caused the cataclysm?

Or, as someone else surmised in 1973, could a 'mini' black hole have been responsible? Black holes are the remnants of massive stars that have catastrophically collapsed virtually into nothing. Their existence was first predicted on theoretical grounds and there is evidence that they do exist. But to invent mini black holes and then anticipate how they would affect a body like the Earth stretches the imagination too far, as does the antimatter theory.

The evidence points to a mighty airborne explosion some 6km above the ground, caused by a cosmic body but obviously not a meteorite. Soviet experts, who have been very active in the taiga over the past few years, reckon that the cosmic body could have been the head of a comet (a loose clod of snow and dust). As it tore through the atmosphere, it began to vaporize in the searing heat developed by friction with the air. Eventually it vaporized completely into an explosively expanding cloud, which generated devastating heat and shock waves.

Soviet researchers do not rule out, however, the possibility that a nuclear blast could have been responsible for the Tunguska event, bearing in mind the similarities between the two. In fact the latest expeditions to the taiga have gathered evidence that genetic changes in plant life were speeded up more than ten times following the blast. This immediately suggests that nuclear radiation was responsible. Radiation does affect genetic make-up and the heredity of living things.

However, while most scientists are hesitant about saying that this was a nuclear catastrophe, others are not. They conclude that it happened when a nuclear-propelled spacecraft blew up while trying to land. An analysis of eye-witness reports of the event does seem to suggest that a fiery object underwent certain unnatural manoeuvres just before the blast occurred.

So the tantalizing possibility exists that our cosmic visitor of 1908 was an alien spaceship that had traveled, by accident or design, from another planet in another solar system. If so, how cruel Fate was to destroy it in a nuclear holocaust at the end of its epic voyage of discovery.

by Attaullah Khan
Class XIII

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Facts about a pilot's dream

This dream machine, the fighting falcon begins its take-off roll with the wing leading and trailing-edge flaps positioned 2 deg up & 20 deg down respectively. After brake-release the F-16 has a bad habit of impatience as it leaps forward and takes off at around 140kt(264km/h). The aircraft has a 1:1 thrust to weight ratio when lightly loaded along with full internal fuel. Even in dry thrust (when water does not come out of the exhaust, joke!), the F-16 is capable of impressive aerobatics.

One of the most novel features of the F-16 cockpit is the sidestick controller used in place of the traditional control column. This is located on the starboard side of the cockpit along with an adjustable armrest mounted on the cockpit wall. This is essential in high-g (against gravity) flight condition. The original pattern of sidestick controller did not move, but was pressure sensitive. Although effective, this scheme gave no indication to the pilot of when maximum input was being demanded. In order for the pilots to be able to use a fork again (sprained wrists), it was decided to give the controller a millimetres of movement to provide the conventional feedback to the man behind the machine (yes, the pilot!). The rudder pedals too have free movement of about one centimetre.

The flight control system of this unique fly by wire aircraft, ensures that the pilot cannot over-stress the air-frame no matter how hard he tries (try, try again!). The angle of attack and load factor are limited, ensuring that he cannot stretch the plane beyond a 25deg angle of attack or a 9g load factor. In reality 9g is probably close to the limit that the human body can endure. In conventional cockpits, pilots often experience tunnel vision, commonly known as a black-out, at around 6 or 7g. The semi-reclined seat of the F-16 extends this limit by up to 2g.

The falcon has that bad habit of a brisk acceleration, but hey who's complaining. In fact this feature has attracted the attention of many pilots. Neil Anderson (test pilot of F-16) quotes that "flying the F-16 is like riding on top of a telegraph pole, everytime you light the afterburner, you are a little nervous that it is going to run out from under you."

The falcon has another striking feature, the canopy. Unlike other aircraft, its bubble canopy provides an unobstructed 360deg field of view. At a relatively modest bank the pilot is able to see vertically below himself. Despite this unfair advantage new pilots are recommended to fly by instruments until they get over the awesome external view.

Few fighters will be able to out-turn the F-16. Flown in a 350kt(648km/h) turn against an F-4, the falcon was able to carry out a full 360deg turn by the time the phantom had only managed 240deg. The maximum instantaneous turn rate of the falcon is just over 20deg/sec. Despite its relatively large wing area, the F-16 offers the pilots a smooth ride at low altitudes and high speeds, qualities that are essential for a strike aircraft. Test pilot Ropelewski has reported flying at 600kt(1110km/h) at a breath catching altitude of a 100ft(wow!).

As the undercarriage (wheels, for you!) is lowered, the wing leading and trailing-edge flaps return to the 15 & 20deg respectively, the same angle at which it gathers initial altitude. Typical approach speed is around 125kt(232km/h), with the aircraft touching down at around 120kt(222km/h). After landing the nose is held up at an angle of about 13deg to obtain aerodynamic braking. The nose-wheel is not lowered till the speed falls to around 100kt(185km/h).

Well we are down to earth again (as if I wanted to). The fighting falcon has given pimple-studded faces to pilots all around the world because of its unique abilities but remember if you are ever up there, the man behind the machine is the one who counts most (1,2,3...4...duh!!).

Ali Muzammil
A-level's (2nd Year)

Fighting skin cancer with mirrors

Skin cancer is also known as melanoma. The American Cancer Society reports that the mortality rate from malignant melanoma has risen faster than any other form of cancer. It is suggested that it will be doubled in the next ten years. A five minute monthly examination can reveal malignancy early enough for a guaranteed cure.

For self-examination, the person should use a full length mirror and a hand held mirror to make the entire body visible on the mirrors. Early melanomas can be distinguished from harmless moles or less deadly skin cancer by applying the ABCD Rule. A stands for Asymmetry, B stands for Border, C stands for Colour and D stands for Diameter. Melonomas cannot be divided into matching halves with an imaginary line; they show mixed shades of colour rather than a uniform half. They are usually the size of a pencil eraser.

If skin cancer is caught early, it can be removed surgically before it spreads to other parts of the body. melanoma in it's late stage has no treatment. People of Australia, New Zealand and the Antartica have common complaints about skin cancer due to the depleting ozone layer in their atmosphere.

by Nomair Ahmer Zuberi
XI-A (Camb)

Robot assists in surgery

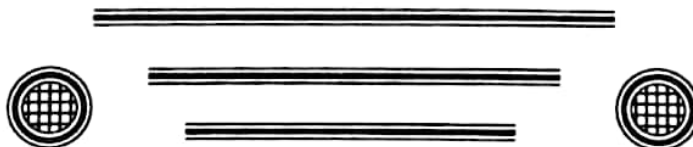
For the first time doctors have successfully used a Computerized Robotic Arm to help in brain surgery.

In five experimental operations, the robot calculated the angles to use the surgical drill and the biopsy needle, while the doctors simply applied pressure on the instruments to penetrate the skull. The arm is so accurate that it has eliminated the need for anesthesia and also enables the patient to return home on the same day after surgery. Previously, the patient had to wait in the hospital, after the surgery, for at least a week before getting discharged.

So far the robotic arm has been used to help surgeons remove tissue samples from the suspected brain tumor which otherwise would have been difficult to reach by the conventional ways.

Yik San Kwoh, the inventor of the arm, describes the arm to be faster, safer and far less invassive than current surgical means and procedures. Mr. Kwoh is also the director of research in the radiology department at Long Beach Memorial Medical Center in California.

by Nomair Ahmer Zuberi
XI-A (Camb)



Colony on the Moon

Space travel, a dream of countless men for hundreds of years has now become a reality. We are now poised on that exciting point in history that can be analogized to the end of an episode in a television serial. The drama has been built up to a point where the clincher is in sight, but oh, so elusive and suspenseful! Space travel has made possible a dream come true, the dream of living on other worlds and colonies isolated from the earth.

The first focus as a site for these colonies is our neighbour in the third (distance wise) double planet system from the sun, the moon, it has been visualised as a stepping stone, a docking station for ships aiming for the worlds beyond, in the tiara of the galaxy. Because of its low gravity and lack of atmosphere, it is a better docking site than the earth. Also, it is already built and perfectly located.

For the first grand step taken by Neil Armstrong, it is now necessary to take the small steps towards the building of a permanent station on the moon. A first small step would be to launch a number of satellite mini stations orbiting around the moon in ever decreasing orbits. A space shuttle, servicing and providing the necessary raw materials to the closest station to the earth and ferries shifting them station by station in various states of fabrication to the surface of the moon can be visualised.

The next small step in the building of a colony on the moon would be to erect a temporary building station on the moon to supervise the construction of the station. After the station is constructed, a number of sub stations would be placed at the no-gravity lag range points near the moon. These sub-stations would provide living quarters for the personnel of the station.

Every morning, men would rise from their beds on the sub-stations and prepare to leave for work. In the cylindrical sub-station the panorama of the 'world' would be before their eyes as they would leave their homes. The surface of the substation would rise sheerly and at a point directly above the observer the world would seem to hang upside down. But, of course, gravity would be provided for. The slow spin of the cylindrical station about its axis would generate enough centrifugal force to keep a constant 'gravitational' force of $1/6$ g (the moon's pull) on any one standing on the inside of the station's curving cylindrical skin.

Leaving for work, the men would 'rise' in an elevator towards the axis of the cylinder, with gravity decreasing proportionally with their distance from the "surface" the men would be weightless at the central axis. Attired now in easy wear space-suits the men would board the "bus-shuttle" waiting outside the bay lock. In ten minutes the shuttles would transport them, the two hundred men or so, to the surface of the moon.

The bus shuttle would dock smoothly near the central hemispherical hub of the moon station. The second shift men disembarking from the bus shuttle would see before them the futuristic structure of the moon station. With half a dozen arms emanating from the huge central hub sprawling across the surface of the moon, the station would look like a grotesque spider. Each of the arms would be shaped like a cigar sliced through its diameter. Entering the hub, they would see a huge control room filled with high tech computers and control ports. Relieving the bleary eyes first shift (there would be no night and morning shifts since the substations could have different times of night and day to suit the personnel) they would regulate the inflowing traffic to the docking pads between the arms of the station and the outflowing to the launching pads on the perimeter of the moon station. The arms would house and provide rest and food for the crews of the incoming and outgoing space trips.

Today, the erection of the moon station seems closer than ever. With the increased co-operation between the superpowers and the release of some of the world's most eminent scientists from the shifting clutches of inhibitory dictatorship, who knows soon we might wake up to the panorama of a substation and work in the exciting atmosphere of the moon station.

Burair Khuzem Kothari
Class XIII



Ten commandments for good listening.

1. Stop talking, you cannot listen if you are talking.
2. Put the talker at ease. Help him feel that he is free to talk.
3. Show him that you want to listen. Look and act interested. Do not read your mail while he talks. Listen to understand rather than to oppose.
4. Remove distractions. Don't doodle, tap, or shuffle papers. It might be quieter if you would shut the door.
5. Sympathize with the talker. Try to put yourself in his place so that you can see his point of view.
6. Be patient. Allow plenty of time. Do not interrupt him. Don't start for the door or walk away.
7. Hold your temper. An angry man gets the wrong meaning from words.
8. Go easy on arguments and criticism, which will put him on the defensive. He may clam up or get angry. Don't argue because even if you win, you lose.
9. Ask questions. This encourages him and shows that you are listening. It helps to develop points further.
10. Stop talking. This is first and last, because all other commandments depend on it. You just cannot do a good listening job while you are talking.

Helping out heart in Texas

Dramatic debut for a device that can save cardiac patients

Doctors have long suspected that the heart could heal itself even when damaged by a heart-attack or during surgery-if only there was a way to let it rest. For more than 20 years researchers have been trying to develop implantable pumps that temporarily take-over part of the heart's job. Some half a dozen such devices are now available, most of them experimental, bulky and requiring risky open-heart surgery. But at a medical conference recently in Reno, Nevada, O.Howard Frazier, director of the transplant program at the Texas Heart Institute in Houston, described the first successful use of a radically different newcomer. It is a tiny, disposable pump that can handle most of the heart's workload and can be inserted in 20 minutes without major surgery.

Frazier first tried the device on a patient who was near death after a heart transplant. Working from an incision in the patient's groin, the surgeon threaded a seven inch assembly made of a tube connected to a miniature, propeller - like pump through the patient's arteries into his left ventricle, the main pumping chamber of the heart. The stainless-steel pump, driven by a slender cable linked to a motor outside the body, took on the work of the ailing ventricle. Spinning twenty-five thousand times a minute - about four times as fast as a sports-car engine-the pump drew a steady stream of blood out of the chamber and into the aorta, the main vessel carrying blood to the body. Afterwards, Frazier exulted, "This is really an astonishing device!"

Within days, the patient's condition improved, and his transplanted heart began to beat strongly on its own. The dramatic case marked the debut of the Hemopump, an experimental device just a quarter of an inch wide and half an inch long manufactured by Numbus Medical Incorporated, of Rancho Cordova, California. Although a second patient given a pump died, the cause was apparently unrelated to the device.

Allan Lansing, director of Humana Heart Institute International in Louisville, expects to begin further tests soon on the Hemopump, which was approved for human trials by the Food and Drug Administration last March. "I'm impressed," says Lansing, "If this pump does work, it could be available in coronary-care units and emergency rooms to treat heart attacks immediately after they occur. "It won't replace anything that is now available," says Heart Surgeon Jack Copeland of the University of Arizona Health Science Center in Tucson. "But it will add a dimension to what we can do for patients."

The pump's inventor, Richard Wampler, 39, a California physician, took his inspiration from pumps he saw in deep wells ten years ago in Egypt. The pump's spinning motion and the resulting continuous flow of blood from the heart represent a departure from the natural pulsating action that most other devices try to mimic. Some researchers at first feared the whirling blades would destroy blood cells and that the body would be unable to tolerate the nonpulsating flow of blood. So far, the problem has not materialized. Another potential drawback; small as the pump is, it may be too large to use in women and children or in patients with narrowed arteries.

If the device works in future tests, Wampler and Frazier estimate, it might eventually be used in as many as 150,000 people a year. With a three thousand dollar price tag, the whirling little pump may be the ultimate rarity in medical technology: a bargain.

Nazneen Sheikh
X-A'Level



It's About Time

At a time well beyond the reach of historical records, there was the big bang and the earth came into existence. Earth functioned like a well-planned system of processes, each complementing the other to form one balanced whole, until the day man, the most superior of all living beings, began to interfere.

Instinctively, man has always been avaricious where progress is concerned and he has always strived to satisfy his hunger. In doing so, he has grown indifferent and callous towards how other things are affected by his deeds which is the reason why today our planet faces diverse, serious problems. It's time to start thinking.

One of these problems of growing significance is the global warming of the earth. This warming is caused by a phenomenon termed as the Greenhouse Effect, similar to the heating mechanism of a greenhouse. Gases that promote this effect include Carbondioxide and Methane. The quantities of both the gases have built up to a critical level because man has set up industrial plants throughout the globe that generate large quantities of the Greenhouse Gases. To fulfil his desire for wood, he has robbed forests of their trees that would, otherwise, play an important role in moderating the amount of atmospheric Carbondioxide.

Another grave threat is the ever expanding hole that periodically appears in the Ozone Layer. Atoms of this gas (ozone) trap ultra violet light would otherwise penetrate the troposphere and have a carcinogenic (cancer causing) effect on human beings. Chlorine atoms have the ability to destroy ozone. The culprit answerable for the formation of this hole is none other than man himself. He has, in the process of advancement, managed to devise chemical compounds that release chlorine atoms to the environment in profusion.

The human race has, as a whole, already done enough harm to this planet by acts including those of pollution that have caused several species of life forms to become extinct. Now is the time for the individual members to fight against these wrong-doings. But with are present attitude, while the ozone hole expands, while the environment becomes more and more impure and the earth keeps heating up, you and I are probably more worried about getting our telephones fixed!

I feel that it's about time that we set aside our personal, comparatively petty crises and utilize just a few moments from our lives to lend a helping hand and dress the wounds of "our" earth. It's not really too much to ask, is it?

By Imran A Hanafi
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Sports:-

Cricket Cowasjee Cup

The tournament was organised by the B.C.C.P. The first round matches were of a duration of 2 days and there was an '85-over limit' per team. Each team had to play two innings and if those were not completed, the match was decided on the basis of the first innings lead. St. Patrick's team played its first match against St. Paul's.

Our team went onto the field extremely confident as Mr. Cosmos had organised practice sessions at the grassy pitches of Aga Khan Cricket Ground and had maintained the teams very well. The match was won by an inning and 261 runs and this did wonders for our boys' confidence.

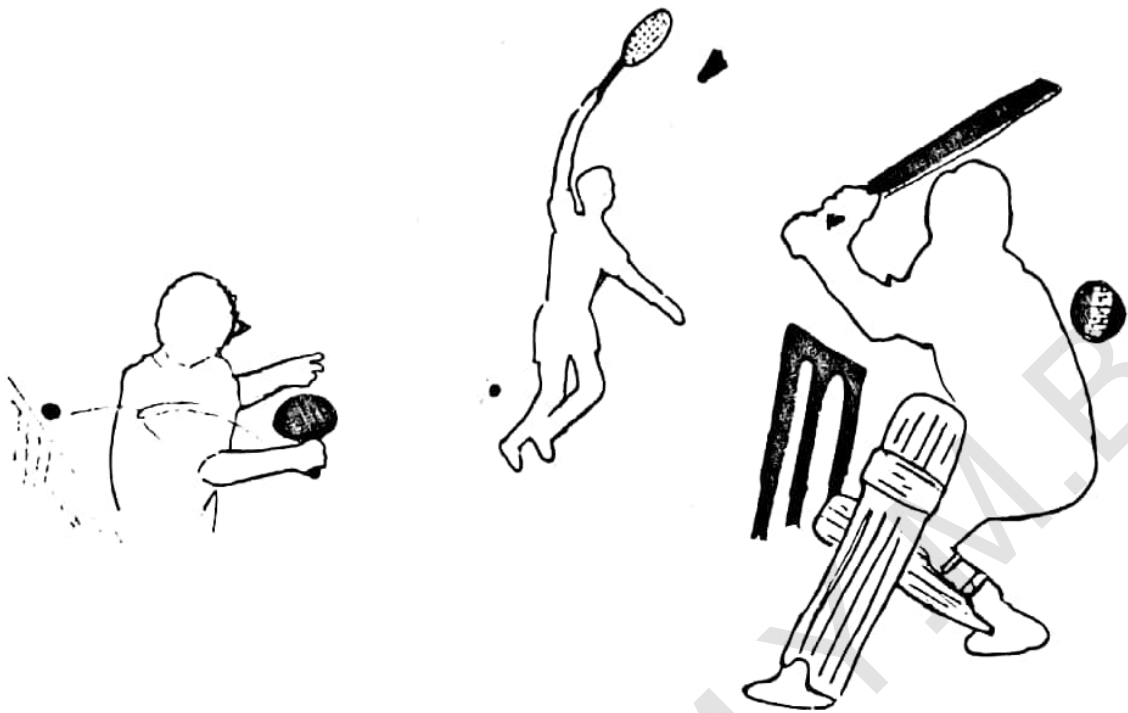
Next came the B.V.S. High School and they were beaten by an inning and 150 runs.

In the semi-finals we met St. Michael's Convent School, and handing out thumping defeat to the hopeless opposition we played the Grammar School in the finals. The match proved to be extremely exciting and delighted the spectators. As was customary, our team batted first but could not repeat its previous performance. However, after the second innings, we gave the Grammar a target of 314 runs to win. The Grammarians second innings was the most exciting part of the match. Their wickets fell at regular intervals, except for that of Saud Hashmi's - the opening batsman who scored a century. It was he who took their team to within 48 runs of victory and was eventually clean bowled by Imran when he lost his head and charged down the wicket. The best Wicket Keeper's award went to Afsar Nawaz - the award for the best bowler of the tournament went to Zakir Kassim. Mohd Imran of St. Patrick's team was adjudged the best all rounder of the tournament.

This tournament was widely praised as it gave the school boys a chance to experience what real cricket was all about. The matches were played on the best cricket grounds, the finals being played at the National Stadium. Some of the umpires had stood in test matches and imparted valuable advice to the youngsters. Furthermore, there was very little time limit imposed on the players and the test brought out their best temperament.



The Cricket Team



Miandad — the magnificent player of our country

The most well known cricketer on our cricket team is Javed Miandad. He is the vice-captain of the national team and was the former captain also.

Javed, who is above thirty years old, is an experienced player. He comes to bat at third or fourth position but whenever he comes in to bat, he does not allow the spectators to remain quiet. Javed is a seasoned player with a lot of experience in first class cricket. He has so far made eleven centuries and twenty four half centuries. Miandad's highest score is two hundred and ninety eight runs not out, which he made in a test match. He is the first Pakistani and also the second Asian to score more than five thousand runs. Recently at a test series against India he made two thousand runs.

Javed's strategy is simply splendid when playing under pressure. He often plays with the emotions of the crowd and also tends to adopt a fun-and-go attitude with the other members of the team. That is why he is so popular with everybody who loves to play or see cricket.

One of his most remarkable performance was witnessed in a match between India and Pakistan at the final of the Austral-Asia cup in Sharja. India batting first scored two hundred and forty-five runs in fifty overs. Chasing the total put before them, Pakistan made a terrible start when it began to lose it's opening lineup pretty early in the game. Then came in Javed who held his end and saw the others departing. The final over arrived and Pakistan needed another four runs to win on the last delivery. Javed hit a six off that ball, steering his home country to an unimaginable victory.

Javed stole the hearts of the crowd away, for which he received twenty five thousand U.S. dollars along with various other prizes in many different forms. The President and the Prime Minister congratulated him on his marvelous achievement.

Javed is by far the best and most experienced player in our cricket team.

by Ahmer Zuberi

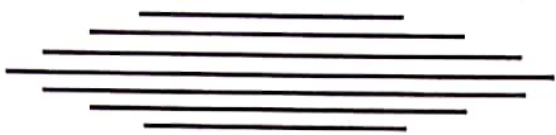


Table-Tennis Team

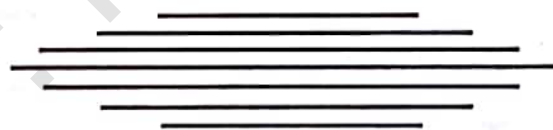


The Hockey Teams

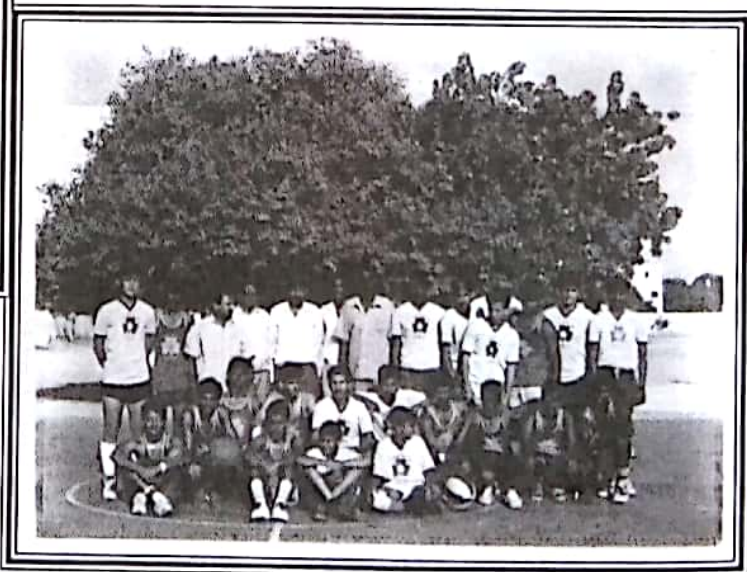


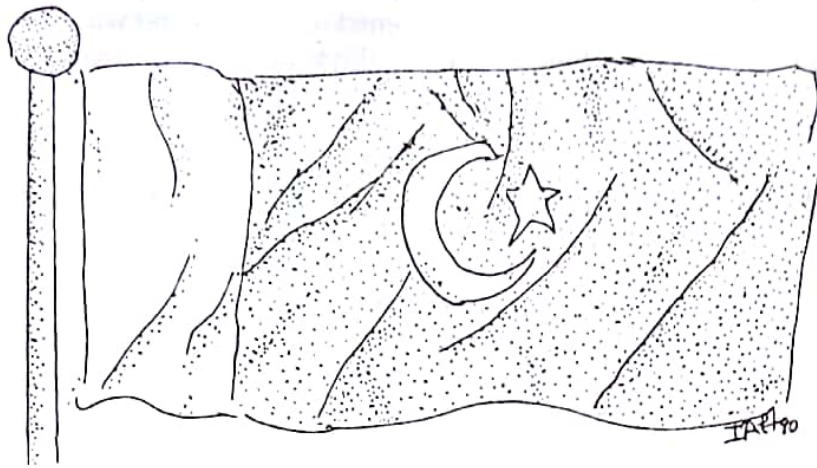


The Football Team



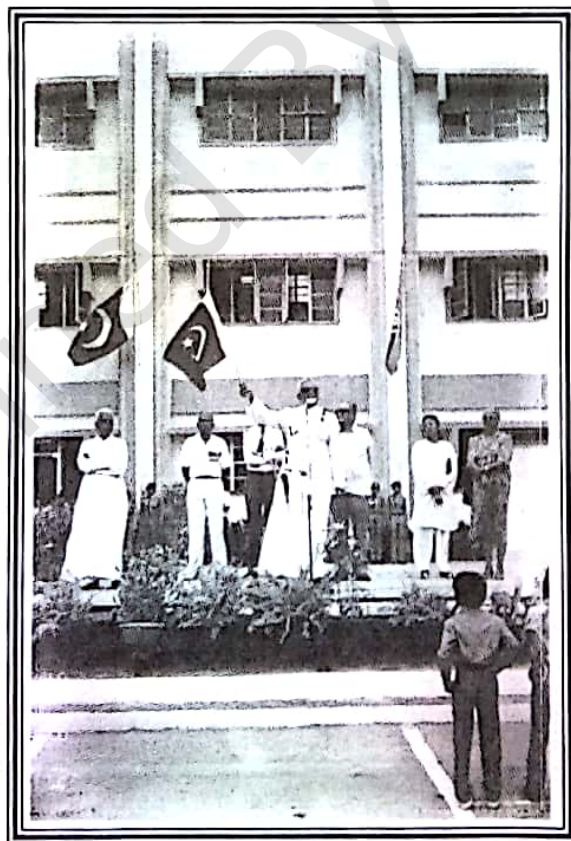
The Basketball Teams





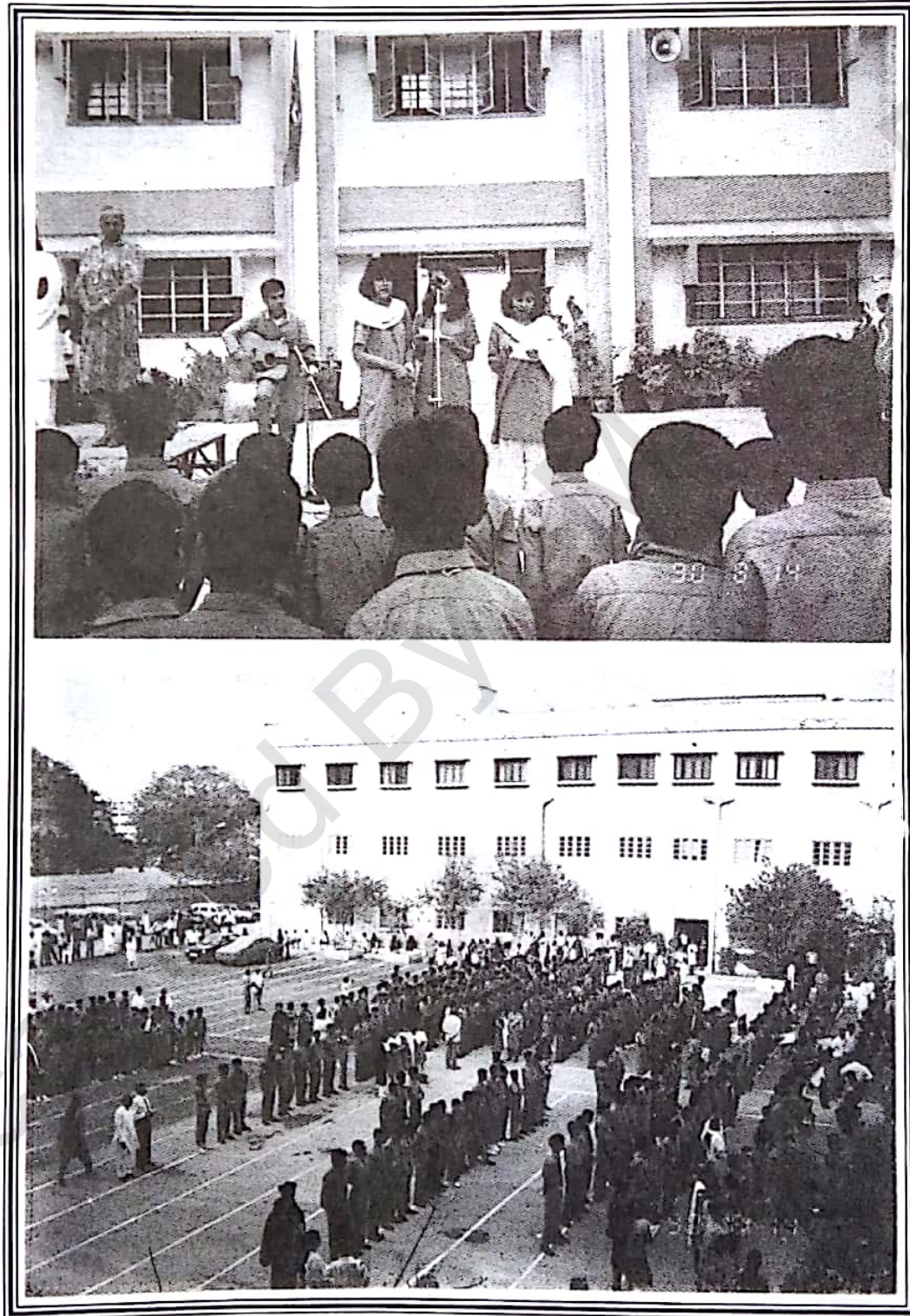
FOURTEENTH AUGUST AT ST. PATRICK'S

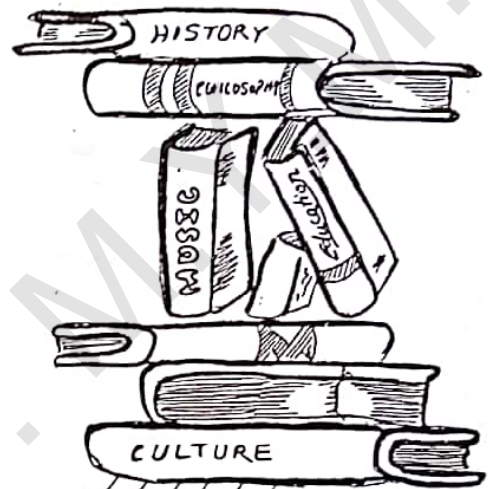
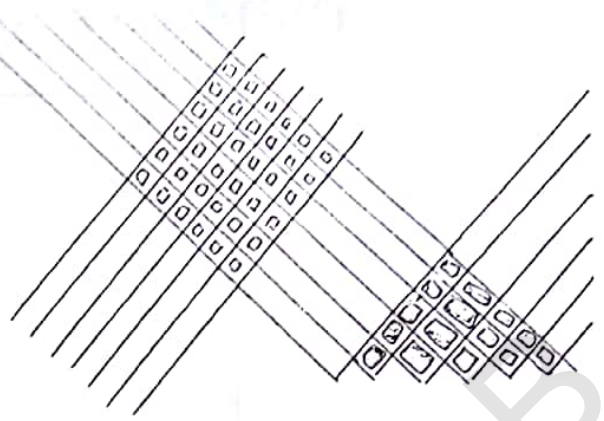
The sky was overcast and there were visible signs of imminent rain. Such was the weather on Independence Day this year, much to the satisfaction of the young school boys at St. Patrick's who were saved from a certain measure of classroom teaching and got refreshments at the end of the day. The programme started off with a song from a school choir, accompanied effectively by the school band which was at its usual best. In the spirit of the day Mr. Chohan, the A'levels incharge, delivered his speech with enthusiasm that epitomized his fifty years of teaching experience by vehemently laying stress on the importance of studying and working hard while at school. The Bishop was as candid as ever, his innovative mind coming up with yet another fresh topic for a dissertation. This year it was on the semantic implications in our National Anthem.



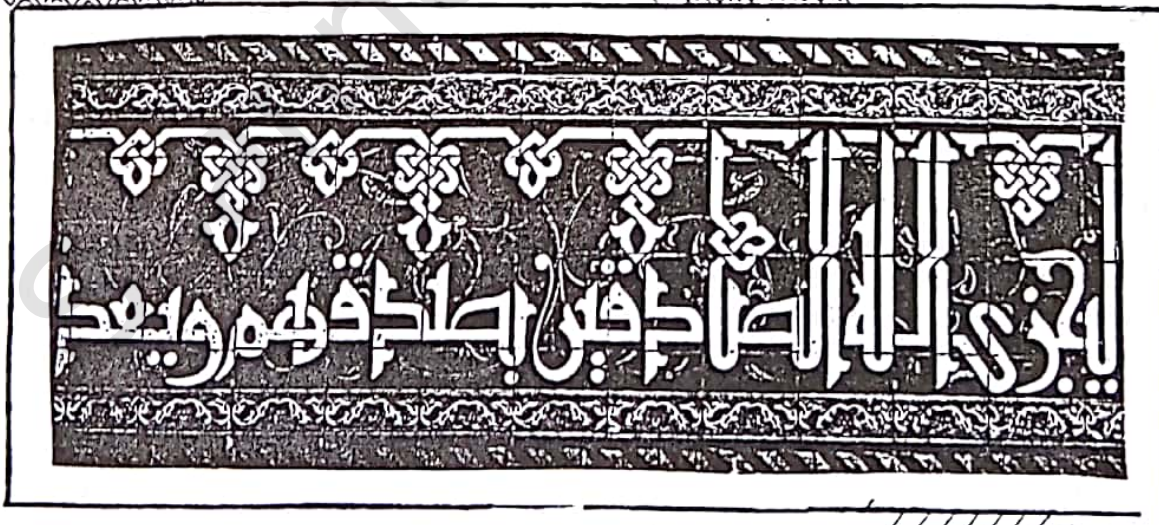
There was a spicy new addition to the 'menu' this year, a 'milli naghma' presented by Imran Hanafi and his team from the A'levels. This rare treat really brightened up the day and was a big boost for the crowd. The programme culminated on a refreshing note when the students were treated to an 'Igloo' ice-cream cup by their prided alma mater.

A 'milli naghma' brightening up the day on 14th August





Culture & Education



Children's Rights and Realities



In 1959, the precursor to the modern day 'conventions of the rights of the child' was proposed by the Economic and Social Council and was passed unanimously by the United Nation General Assembly. This charter came to be known as the "Declaration of the rights of the Child". This 'Mosaic' like charter aspired to elaborate upon ten fundamental rights of the child. If I may be allowed to be a little apocalyptic, it seems that the manifestation of these ten principles, particularly in the third world is as painfully slow as the 'original ten' from Mt. Sinai.

Principle two of this declaration went on to state that: "The child shall enjoy special protection and shall be given opportunities and facilities by law and other means, to enable him to develop physically, mentally, morally, spiritually and socially in a healthy and normal manner, and in the conditions of freedom and dignity. In the enactment of laws for this purpose, the best interest of the child be of paramount consideration."

In the document, this principle served as a springboard from which these best interests were elaborated upon, some of which include the access of the child to free and compulsory education, social security, the privilege to grow and develop in health, adequate housing, recreation and medical services, adequate pre-natal care and the privilege of being brought up in the spirit of understanding, tolerance, friendship among people and universal brotherhood. Well, in a developing country such as ours, realists are inclined to consider these aspirations idealistic in the face of existing scenarios ... and for good reason.

According to figures released by UNICEF, 2000 children under the age of five years die every day in Pakistan alone. Of these deaths, 60% are because of ill health. The causes of death have been the seemingly trivial; diarrhoeal diseases, tetanus, acute respiratory infections and measles.

Furthermore, in the developing countries, about 16 million cases of malaria are reported annually and about three million children die each year from malaria. Another 3 1/2 million children under five, in the developing countries, die each year from diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus, measles, polio and tuberculosis.

The real tragedy about the persistence of these proportions is that ... all these diseases could have been prevented by immunization. It is this fact that prompted, no doubt, the World Health Assembly, in the 70's to establish the goal of the Universal Child Immunization. Pakistan and most other countries pledged to try and achieve an 80% immunization of children against all immunizable diseases by 1990. Pakistan has been working in concord with UNICEF since 1979. As we draw towards the end of this epochal year we see that the results are encouraging, and the 80% sign post draws even nearer.

Encouraging as it is to see that remedial measures are being taken, it is a fact that many intervening factors, deeply embedded in the existing social infrastructure, merit the personal attention of the privileged class. Factors such as existing rural prejudices have led to the mortality rate for female children of the ages 5 —15 becoming markedly higher than that of the boy child and this disparity becomes more marked in the reproductive years. A disturbing fact, according to Dr. Sabeha Hafeez in her report 'The girl child of Pakistan', is the practice of killing girl children through the feeding of opium by the midwives. This practice exists among the poor in certain areas of Pakistan. At the same time, rural customs which usually encourage the early marriage of females as well as traditional division of labour, coupled with the early initiation of a reproduction life, lead to under-nutrition, anaemia, infection and hemorrhage amongst young mothers. Consequently, the mortality rates in Pakistan, at 600 per 100,000 live births, are amongst the highest in South Asia and other Muslim countries.

Pakistan being a country with a long standing tradition of social stratification and the resultant persistence of a privileged class, must jog its members of the glitterati: the intelligentsia and the elite into a cognizance of the tragedy of these atrocities and the detriment they will prove in the ensuing years as the world strives to meet contemporary problems as a more unified whole. The effort of individuals such as Senator Javed Jabbar whose brainchild the devcom village developed into Bahan Beli, a containing source of social service in the interior of Sind; as well as the efforts of international benefit organizations such as UNICEF and ECOSEC remind us that we are not only capable of envisioning an ideal, but are equal to the Sisyphean task of realizing these ideal. Let us view the continuing efforts of these people and organizations as encouraging reminders that we all must continue to strive for the realization of these ideals and may be, if we are lucky, we can learn to 'love thy neighbour while we're at it.

Muzaffar Siddiqui
XIII





EDUCATION IN PAKISTAN— AN ANOMALY?

Education is a necessity. With the advent of increasing specialization in professions, we now need more and more theorists and educated professionals to keep our industry growing and our bilateral trade expanding. History records that only those people with enlightened and educated men have had the most lasting civilization. Only those countries have expanded their economic output that have had the brains to manage it.

In this high-tech world education too is acquiring an increasingly high-tech look. With the new concepts of the electronic classrooms and student teacher electronic interaction, things are looking increasingly bleak for technologically less advanced countries. Not only do they have to compete with the technologically superior industrial infrastructure of advanced countries, but they also have to lock brains with far better trained minds than their own.

Pakistan, with less than a quarter of its population literate, is faced with this problem on an even greater scale than the average developing country. Not only are its universities and institutions of higher learning of dismally low standards, its primary and secondary schools too, are the most backward and primitive in its economic group.

The problem cannot be stressed enough. With each uneducated child comes a snowballing effect of reduced economic output and less hope for the future generations. With each rupee not spent on education comes an increasing dependence on foreign technology and less scope for greater indigenous industrialization.

According to the present statistics on government expenditure less than a rupee per hundred spent by the government goes to education for the people. In contrast more than thirty per hundred goes to spending on the national defence physically. The inroads made by foreign powers into our brain reserves are not more important than the inroad made into the soil of our country.

With this scenario of the state of higher education in Pakistan would it not be correct to say that higher education, if not secondary education itself, is an anomaly in our country. Would it not be correct if all the intellectuals of this country went to other places where they would have more means and opportunity of doing their bit.

No it wouldn't. There would be nothing wrong with our higher education if we spent say 10% of our national product on education. In fact we could raise its standard appreciably in as short a time as five years. Perhaps in a generation we would be producing intellectuals and industrialists of world class. It is not as difficult to follow what others have done already as it is to do it from scratch. We have the chance to follow what others have done already. We just have to reach out.

With democracy promising greater freedom to intellectuals it would be surprising if we haven't already cut down the exodus of brain power from the country. With greater economic prosperity we could even hope to lure back some of those who have adopted foreign countries.

So, let us hope the government starts spending more on education now. Let us hope that the next generation of Pakistanis has more educational opportunities than we do. Let us hope that our nation prospers with a new educated population that would take better care of its next generation.

Ethics



As I started to write this article I was reminded of the story of a young Englishman who had just been elected to Parliament. When he entered the halls for the first time, he approached one of the sages and asked, "Tell me, sir, do you think I should participate in the debate today?"

The old man looked at him with piercing eyes and said "To be honest, young man, I would recommend that you keep silent. It's better that people wonder why you didn't speak, than wonder why you did."

The same advice may apply to any speaker on ethics. I know that I am taking a risk by writing about such a sensitive topic, but I feel it is important to do so. Dealing with a topic like ethics is like untangling a fishing line the more you get into it, the more complicated it becomes.

Everywhere we turn today, there are signs of ethical deterioration. In business, bright people have made immoral millions by using insider trading information. In education, cheating scandals among students have become common place. In government, hardly a day goes by without some public official being involved in a scandal. Obviously these people, many of them supposedly outstanding citizens, believe that they have to cheat to win. They, along with many others believe that nice guys always finish last. I (and many others), however, disagree.

There are a number of people who have put themselves into stressful positions because they have knowingly made unethical decisions. Many people contend that now a days there is a big grey area between right and wrong, and they use this area as an excuse not to worry about morality. I've come to realization that a lot of the greyness can be removed from ethical dilemmas, if we take the time to sort out the situation. It is very easy to charge ahead and then rationalize your behaviour. But the fact remains that there is no right way to do wrong thing.

I cannot say enough about the importance of setting an example. Many parents look the other way when they see their children doing something wrong. The usual excuse is "Its okay if, every one does it." But what they don't realize is that ultimately they will harm themselves.

We must remember that we are given the freedom to choose to live ethically, or to choose to live otherwise. Having the freedom to choose and exercising it with integrity, actually makes our character strong. It is analogous to building up physical strength.

Every time you are out, you face resistance. If the temptations are too light to provide resistance, you do not increase your strength. That is why the toughest ethical problems actually provide the biggest opportunities for growth. Confrontation with ethical problems, is a test of moral character. As far as I know the only people who don't have any problems at all are those that are buried. It is even possible that the more problems you have, the more alive you may become. And If you don't have any problems at all, you may be on your way out and you don't even know it.

We must always remember that every problem can be solved if we take some time to reflect on it, seek guidance and put things into perspective. Being a morally strong person means behaving ethically all the time and not only when it is convenient. There are very few shortcuts in life worth taking. Those people who truly succeed are usually those who make it happen through hard work and honest relationships. Churchill once said, "Never, never, never, never give up." He never did and so don't those who finally 'make it' in life.

by Mohammed Faraz Zaman

Islamic Architecture : Evocative Geometry



Ah, 'Glory Days!'. It is always fulfilling to reflect upon the days gone by; is it not ? And for most developing Muslim Nations, one of the most popular methods of reassuring one's cultural ego is to dwell upon the achievements of the past (the present day has yielded so little, even the monumental Well #7 that first struck it big in Saudi Arabia was drilled by an American Company). However, Islamic achievements have been nothing to sneeze at. Scientific advancements initiated by Muslim Scholars undeniably put medieval Muslim astronomers, mathematicians and surgeons on a pedestal in close proximity of such icons as Pythagoras, archimedes and Ptolemy.

While we can draw a parallel between the scientific achievements of the Muslims and their professional predecessors the Greeks; there is a slight divergence when we observe more aesthetic facets of each society. The abundance of busts, statues and frescoes of ancient Greece were totally absent from Muslim civilizations. Even neoplatonic philosophers such as Avicenna and Averroes were virtually ignored by their contemporaries although their latinized works formed the basis of theosophic thought in Medieval Europe and Renaissance.

Severe rational analysis was (apparently) discouraged by the prophet (P.B.U.H.) as it was "the enemy of religion". I believe that this may have stemmed from the fact that theologians seem to unabashedly ask for justifications of faith (just read Averroes' "Double Truth", if you are interested). Hence aesthetic art forms conducive to this somewhat existentialist chain of thought were viewed with disdain. At one time, the painting of human form was discouraged as it became synonymous with idolatry. I am sure, that any monotheistic civilization could do without an abundance of Pygmalios. Nevertheless, amalgamations between metaphysical thought and art forms were rare and usually due to the persistence of regional pre-Islamic tradition.

The Sufis of Turkey who led to the development of the devishes are an example of a sect who symbolically seek communion with God through dance. However, this mode of thought was generally viewed as blasphemous. Since the average Muslim scholar had a propensity to be very mathematical, it is not surprising to see why artistic pursuits such as architecture which let one's technical and mathematical spirits soar while keeping one's metaphysical feet firmly on the ground, were pursued with religious zeal.

Architecture in the various Islamic Dynasties has yielded monumental palaces and great centres of learning; abounding in mathematically precise and perfectly symmetrical, domes, minarets and pillars. The dull Gothic architecture of the Western world at that time was utterly paled in comparison. It is not mere coincidence that some of the accidental world's most beautiful cathedrals and palaces have a distinct oriental air about them (the Holy Crusades yielded an abundance of cultural exchanges). Historical architectural achievements of the Islamic World conjure up images of the Taj Mahal of India, the Blue Mosque of Turkey and the moorish architecture of Spain.

The work of Muslim architects was highlighted by yet another mathematical art form - the mosaic. The Greeks and the Romans pioneered this art form and mosaics of their time consisted of an aggregation of randomly-shaped coloured pieces which depicted people and scenes in a portrait-like manner. Muslim innovators endowed this art forms with a style radically different from the Greeks and Romans. Once again, we may note the emergence of fluid, mathematical almost kaliedoscopic images in the mosaics adorning even the most obscure mosques.

Thus, mathematically minded Muslim scholars did not let their Religion's restrictions impeded their artistic development, instead they soared to new heights in an artistic medium which, prior to their experiments, seemed unexplored.

by Muzaffar Siddiqui

*With Compliments
From*



MOHAMMED FAROOQ TEXTILES

An Analysis of Terrorism

Terrorism springs out of the word terror meaning extreme fear, implying that any act which invokes fear in the heart of people can be termed terrorism. Nowadays when terrorism is mentioned, the image that comes to mind is that of a young Palestinian Kamikaze wearing red and white checkered headgear driving an explosives filled truck into a marine base in Beirut, or that of a Fatah fighter conducting hit and run raids against Israeli Patrolmen.

It should be noted here that the terrorists I will discuss exclude those barbarians who lob grenades into groups of school children, or plant explosives in busy shopping centres. This distinction has been made because these people are mercenaries paid to cause subversion and hence are not in the same league as the ideological type.

Terrorism is not restricted to Palestinians. Notorious gangs worth mentioning are the Baader Mienhof (of Ulrike Baader and Andreas Meinhof fame) gang of Germany, the Italian Red brigade, the Basque ETA in Spain, the Japanese Red Army and the Irish Republican Army. Neither is terrorism restricted to our own times; hit and run tactics were used by all great Generals in bygone days because, as the saying goes "All is fair in love and war".

There are a multitude of freedom fighting groups in the Middle East: The Fatah group of the PLO, the PFLP (People's Front for the Liberation of Palestine) of Dr. George Habbash, the Black September terrorist and AbuNidal's free lancers who flirt with any government which will finance them. Besides these, the groups involved in the Lebanese civil war also take up this sort of work as a part time job. These include the Syrian backed Amal Militia and the Iranian supported Hizbollah etc.

A very potent statement that can sum up the gist of what all this is about is: "One man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter". Magazines with world wide circulation and other sources of mass media habitually call Afghan freedom fighters "Mujahideen" or holy warriors, while they call the freedom fighters in Ireland, Spain and Palestine terrorists. The only criterion for these distinction seems to be that any terrorist group fighting communists and favourable to Capital Hill is freedom oriented while those with ideology and leanings towards the USSR are condemned as terrorist.

Even the Pakistani media calls the IRA terrorists while it calls the JKLF (Jammu and Kashmir Liberation Front) freedom fighters. Why this distinction? Both are fighting for independence from a country which, even though has given them voting rights, still oppresses them. Both of them kidnap young girls as bargaining levers, storm jails, kill innocent civilians and spread subversion. But anybody calling Amanullah Khan a terrorist will not survive very long in political circles.

A famous terrorist once said, "For me, being a terrorist is a source of honour; George Washington himself was terrorist". Before 1984 when the British had a mandate over Palestine, a young Jew used to take part in terrorist activities against the British with nationalist zeal. That terrorist later became a famous politician and won the Nobel Peace Prize. His name was Menachem Begin.

The purpose of this article is not to support any group or condemn another; neither is the purpose justification of terrorist activities. Any action which causes the death of one innocent person is extremely reprehensible and deserves capital punishment. But if this criterion is strictly imposed, then J F Kennedy, Lyndon B Johnson and Richard Nixon deserve to be villified, as they caused the deaths of a great number of American servicemen and Vietnamese population by interfering in South East Asia and causing the Vietnam debacle. By a stretch of imagination, whenever a parliament passes a bill declaring war which results in the death of innocent humans, the members of that parliament should be given a pre-dawn appointment with a rope.

What has to be understood is that, the terrorists under discussion are not in full control of their faculties. People don't just get up one morning on a rainy day and say, "I feel depressed. I feel like shooting down a few occupation soldiers". Most of them have seen members of their own families being slaughtered or tortured by invading forces, which has degraded the importance of human life in their eyes.

Nations should not just condemn these groups off hand; instead steps should be taken to eradicate those circumstances which create these sub-human killing machines.

Appreciating Literature

Literature is an art. To create art one needs to be born with an inspiration. But its appreciation is something that can be acquired. Teaching literature as a school subject, is a tough job.

The average student (in a privileged school like ours) might be interested in literature only to the extent of a good novel by Sidney Sheldon or Jackie Collins. But for classic literature, he has neither the taste nor the patience. He thinks it was written either for the older generations or for the few weird people in this present one. Thus when the syllabus presents him with Shakespeare or Naipaul or Dickens, he simply cannot relate to them.

That when you look for a good teacher. A teacher who can bring these authors and their characters to life for the students to feel, appreciate and relate to. His explanations, and not monotonous lectures, widen the student's horizon to an unbelievable limit. His analysis and views lead students to question him, thus starting up the machinery of a student's brain. He calls up discussions, relates human elements to characters, and helps the students see life as they have never seen it before.

The average student needs to be led to a subject, especially like literature, by hand. He needs to discover things, to discover life and its reality. Literature is probably the only human based subject in our institutions. an students need to be stimulated by it. They need to feel the emotion behind a poet's love for nature, or the blackness in the poetry of death. The relationship between man and his surroundings, and his need to draw strength from them is an essential part of what literature teaches a student who has yet to face the world and its challenges, literature is a top priority subject.

These days students' interest in literature is on the down hill track. They tend to take it as a burden: as a subject that has to be studied and gotten rid of with a decent enough grade. Maybe society more than anyone else is to blame. The violence and disruption all around us has robbed students of their sense of beauty.

Literature, though, must remain in the school curriculum. Though all students may not be interested in literature as a subject, some will perhaps with their teacher's help be stimulated into appreciating it.

So the final responsibility rests on the teacher's shoulders; he can kill literature or make it come alive by his teaching methods.

Dominic Savio Earnest

They say that silence resides in contentment; but I say to you that denial, rebellion and contempt dwell in silence.

Be not contented with little; he who brings to the springs of life an empty jar will return with two full ones.

The secret in singing is found between the vibration in the singer's voice and the throb in the hearer's heart.

Those who do not heed the lessons of history are forced to repeat them.

"Ceausescu & wife executed";

"60,000 dead in Romania."

The headline caught my eye, and I was idly flicking through the pages of a newspaper. As I read the horrifying, gory details that followed, the thought crossed my mind that the tragedy was not an entirely unfamiliar one.

The annals of history reveal many occurrences which repeat themselves over and over again. Everytime they take place, they culminate in disorder, resulting in a bloodbath that involves countless innocent bystanders, and leaves indelible scars in the minds of those involved. Future generations study these events, analyse the causes behind them, condemn their predecessors and ultimately make those very mistakes again.

Dictators like Ferdinand Marcos of the Philipines, and Ceausescu have existed since time immemorial; the Pharaohs of Egypt, Julius Ceasar of Rome, Napoleon Bonapart of France, and Adolf Hitler of Germany have all, during their eras, allowed their power and glory to intoxicate them. Their belief in their own infallibility and invincibility, was absolute, and they remained oblivious to the hatred and resentment festering among their subjects.

When the tide turned against these despots, their fall from glory was often accompanied by a bloodbath in their domain, in which they themselves often lost their lives. However, some, like Ferdinand Marcos, were fortunate enough to escape such a fate. Yet, not one of these men learnt from the mistakes of their predecessors. Hitler in the twentieth century did not heed the example of Napoleon before him; Marcos and Ceausescu in the twentieth century learnt nothing from the fate of Julius Ceasar.

History not only gives examples of dictators who have been deposed by their people, but also of whole dynasties which have been overthrown. The French Revolution, which started in 1789 with the storming of the Bastille by the proletariat of Paris, is perhaps the first of its kind where the common masses, clamouring for democracy, overthrew and executed their monarchy. It certainly is not the last upheaval of its nature. It has been followed by the Bolshevik revolution in Russia, in 1917, lead by Lenin, in which the Tsar, Tsarina and their whole family were ruthlessly executed by their vassals. Then, in 1921, after World War I, the Ottoman empire in Turkey was dissolved by Kamal Mustafa Attaturk.

Each of these revolutions took place because the monarchy had become oblivious to the requirements of its subjects. It had started living indolent lives, engrossed in its own pleasures and comforts, it spared no thought for the sufferings of its subjects. The subjects accepted this for sometime, their resentment mounting until finally they rose together against them and very often executed them without compunction.

All these historical events can teach our current heads of state many lessons, if only they would pause to study them, and seek guidance from them. We can but hope that they try to follow the footsteps of leaders like the Quaid-e-Azam, lead their people wisely, and earn the respect and love of their followers.

Sabina Saleh
Class XII

.....

Examine your yesterday's ledger and you will find that you are still indebted to people and to life.

Tenderness and kindness are not signs of weakness and despair, but manifestations of strength and resolution.

Based on Collins

English language is used as a lingua franca of science, business and sports almost everywhere in the world, whether or not it is spoken as a native language. Its status as a world language has been developing for several centuries, and in the process many exotic varieties, widely different from the native tongue of London, have grown up in places where the influence of the source has been slight. One such language is Neo-Melanesian, the official language of Papua New Guinea, which is in origin an English pidgin, although to the casual listener its antecedents are no longer apparent.

A pidgin is a trade or vehicular language of limited vocabulary and structure. It arises to facilitate communication between people with no common language, drawing its vocabulary almost exclusively from a single language. There are two types of pidgins: the first is RESTRICTED PIDGIN, a minimal contact language like Korean "Bamboo English" that dies out when contact ceases; the second, DEVELOPED PIDGIN like Cameroon pidgin, remains in existence after the removal of the contact that initiated it and becomes a lingua franca between indigenous people with no mutually intelligible language. The latter type may eventually become the mother tongue of a community and so acquire the status CREOLE.

This is one of the ways in which a creole may arise. The other is when communities with mutually intelligible languages are kept apart, as was the case with African Negroes in America, who were separated to prevent insurrection. In this situation the community resorts to a pidgin as the only viable lingua franca, which then becomes a creole.

All the pidgins and creoles examined to date share certain characteristics. They are syntactically simpler than the languages upon which they are based: inflections are minimal, distinction being made by varying order; reduplication is common (Jamaica Creole "small small", Neo Melanesian "talk talk"), as in serial verb structure, giving sentences like this from Cameroon pidgin: dat chief he woman go start begin.

Creoles and pidgins based on English exist in all six continents and can be divided into two main groups: ATLANTA varieties, showing certain West African features, and PACIFIC varieties, related to the English used, especially in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, on the China Coast. While most of the vocabulary comes from English, it also includes Portuguese words such as "savvy" and "piccaninny", which have passed into Standard English.

By Faraz Zaman



To Life Immoral

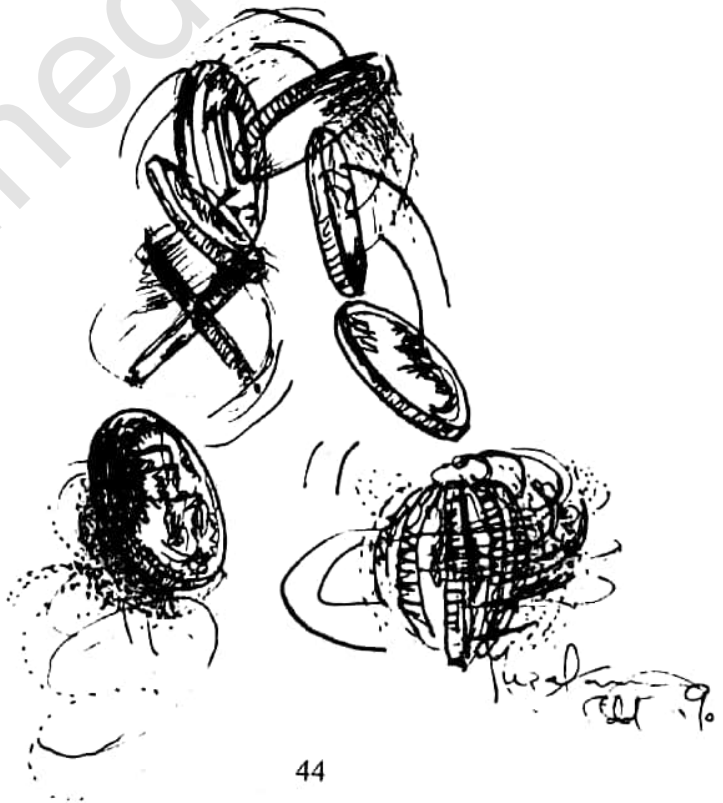
In a critically warped society like ours there exists a class of the genteel who consider themselves born with a pronounced right to assert authority. Categorically they can be divided into three unique grades. Firstly, there is the position holding class. These are the power practitioners of our country who rise from the common folk to stir the aspirations of the people for the so called social reforms, but in the process develop a penchant for exploiting situations to fill their own pockets. Secondly there are the people with a consistently affluent background, who feel they hold a divinely bestowed birthright to affect the destiny of others. Lastly there are the nouveaux riche who by virtue of accumulating heaps of money - even if it is by vile means - can assert their right, by willing to pay for whatever there is on sale. Money, indubitably comes out as the one classic feature, a common factor among these people. For those who have it, money can be described as the passport to power.

It has become a common sight to find a group of spoilt, rich, young men going around carrying sophisticated guns, terrorizing innocent citizens by firing bullets incessantly in the air, stealing cars just for kicks, harassing shopkeepers and people on the streets for sadistic pleasure, all because they think they can get away with *anything*. They are usually the kids of "influential papas" who get them out of trouble. Thus we see how a generation is bred devoid of the essence of moral fibre. It is often remarked in this context that such people will persist with their notoriety because there is no one to stop them. Parents who are themselves involved in a rat race for power and money are in no position to do so.

The ultimate dream of the common man is to become rich. Some live for the day when the unpredictable wind of fate will blow their way, others work for it. There are people who are so obsessed with the idea of acquiring wealth that they are willing to employ all vile means to have it. There are still others who strive for power and leadership; that's when money becomes synonymous with power. These are indications of the sheer frustration of the lower class acquired because of their maltreatment by the upper class. There are hardly any examples for anyone to follow so even if somebody is willing to seek the right path, in a morally decadent society he has to grope for guidances. However, if one ventures to do this, his every move is backlashed not only by the people at the top but also by the common man. This is because the corruption is so much sustained in our social fibre that we cannot dream of living without it!

by Atif Waheed Khan

XII A'levels



SMILE

You're never quite sure how you feel about a neighbour until a "For Sale" sign suddenly appears in front of his house.

Asked what he thought of the two candidates for the election, an enlightened voter replied: "Well, when I look at them I'm thankful only one of them can get elected."

"But, dear," he protested, "if we buy a new car, how will we pay for it?"

"Well," she responded, "let's not confuse the issue by considering two problems at one time."

The hatbox in her hand drew a long, dark look from her husband. "Darling," she hurriedly explained, "I was down in the dumps today so I bought myself a new hat."

"Oh," he growled, "so that's where you get them."

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children
Her mother's Assistance check came to \$4892.

A man was absorbed in a book when his young son ventured to ask him about a homework problem. "Dad," he asked, "where are the Alps?"

"Ask your mother," came the reply. "She puts everything away."

Too often has a reader found-
When interest has lagged-
That many books which have been bound
Should, also, have been gagged.



Experience is a fine teacher, It's true,
But here's what makes me burn:
Experience is always teaching me
Things I'd rather not learn!

Tight shoes are the greatest blessing on earth. They make you forget all your other troubles.

Our "A" Level Section

The "A" level section of St. Patrick's High School started functioning in January 1979. It had to be started from scratch. The labs, science equipment, reading room, specialized books had to be provided within a very short period.

However, the Principal Rev. Father Anthony Lobo (before his promotion to the bishopric) had the faith and resolve to make his dream of establishing a well-equipped and efficient intermediate level education unit, come true. Helped by a team of dedicated, highly experienced and extremely hard working staff, he was able to set up labs for biology, chemistry and physics with the latest equipment and teaching aids. The chemistry lab with a demonstration room was constructed in the "E" building. A small but compact biology lab was erected in honour of two silver jubilarians, Mr. O. B. Nazareth and Mrs. R. deMello. The physics lab was not a permanent structure then because Father Lobo had plans of breaking down the old building and building a new one with a large auditorium on the first floor. The ground floor was to be utilised to construct a spacious physics lab, general and reference libraries etc. This project was also completed within a short time considering its magnitude.

The intake of students was restricted to 30 at the beginning. One of the very first students, Eranch D. Desai succeeded in getting admission to M.I.T. Many other students got admissions to technical institutes and universities both in U.S. and U.K.

The next batch of students brought pride and honour to our school. Three of them-Kaikobad Irani, Salman Bursire and Naim Abdullah secured A grades in all their three subjects. Irani joined M.I.T. while the other two got admissions into other prestigious universities in the U.S. Another student from their batch stood first in the list of new admissions to Dow Medical in Karachi. He later transferred to the Aga Khan Medical College and is now a doctor attached to the medical staff of the Aga Khan Hospital. Hani Thariani of the same batch proceeded to the U.S. and is now completing his Ph.D. in dentistry at the Harvard University in the U.S.

The first incharge of the "A" level was Miss Melanie Xavier. The subjects taught were grouped under three headings-Pre Medical (Biology, Chemistry and Physics), Pre-Engineering (Maths, Physics and Chemistry) and Arts (Politics, economics and Maths).

In March 1983, Miss Xavier was transferred and Mrs. Rita D'Souza, the retired principal of St. Lawrence's Girls College, took Miss Xavier's place at the "A" levels. Her expertise in the handling of girls encouraged the principal of St. Patrick's to admit girl students to the "A" levels for the first time in January 1984. Mrs. Rita de Souza was incharge of the "A" levels for six years and when she resigned for reasons of ill-health, another notable educationist Prof. Michael Chohan was assigned to take her place. The intake of students to the "A" levels has gone up by leaps and bounds and currently there are 84 students in the new class XIII of the "A" levels. The new class XII has approximately 140 students.

Every year a large number of our "A" level students get admission into prestigious universities and technical institutes both in the U.K. and U.S. Locally too, a large number of our students get admissions to the two of our prestigious higher educational institutions-the Aga Khan Medical College and the I.B.A. This year, out of 150 of our students who applied to the I.B.A., 13 were admitted.

Until last year our "A" levels students appeared for the GCE "A" level examination of the university of London. This year we have decided to send up our students for the Cambridge HSC examination and our first batch of students are currently appearing for that examination.

Our "A" levels section is certainly a monument to the hopes and aspirations of its founder Bishop Anthony Lobo, who against all odds set up an institution which has come to stay as an integral part of one of the oldest and most prestigious schools in our country-ST. PATRICK'S HIGH SCHOOL.

by an old Patrician



'A' Level Staff

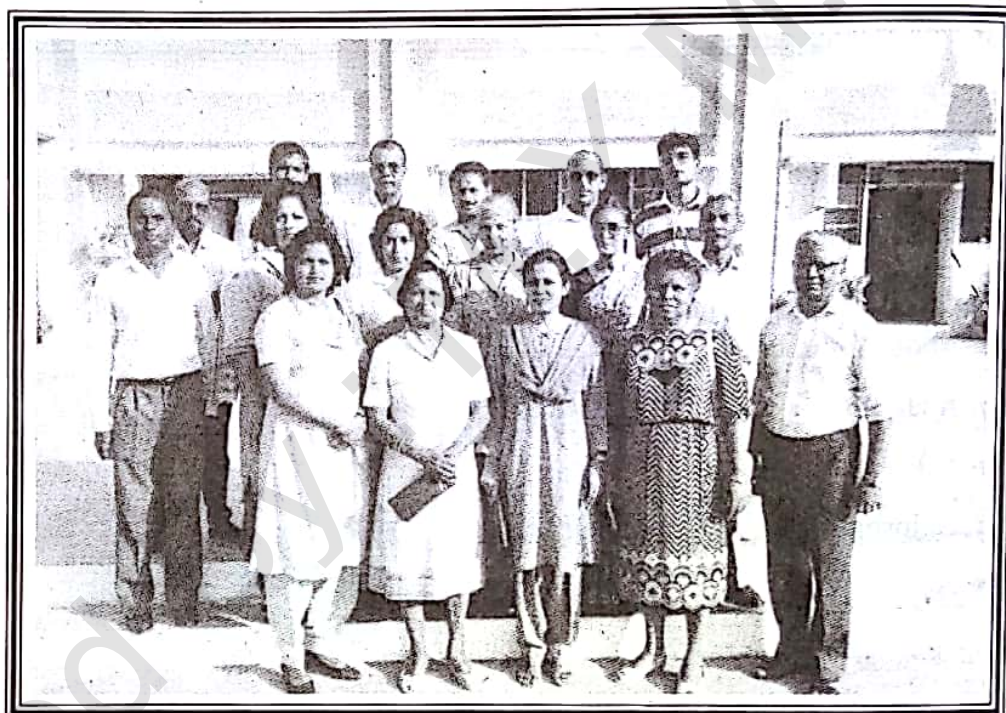
Mrs. E. Joseph	Biology
Mr. E. Fernando	Chemistry
Mr. Abdur Rehman	Mathematics
Mr. A.H. Bhuiya	Economics
Mr. T. Fernando	Physics
Mr. G. Joseph	Accounting
Mr. A. Rayer	Mathematics
Mr. A. Joseph	Biology (Practicals)
Mrs. Anjum Sarfraz	English
Mr. N.D. Perera	Chemistry(Practicals)
Mr. A.D.L. Calistes	Mathematics
Mrs. Sajida Zaidi	English

Administrative Staff

Prof. Michael M.R. Chohan	Incharge 'A' - levels
Mr. S. Joseph	Assistant
Mrs. L. Freitas	"
Miss. C. Val D'Remao	Student Counsellor
Miss. Marie D'Souza	Librarian

'O' Level Staff 1989 - 1990

1. Mrs. Y. Henderson - 'O' level In Charge.
2. Mrs. R. D' Mello
3. Mrs. G. Fernandes
4. Miss A. Shaheen
5. Mr. Lokanathan
6. Mrs. C. de Saram
7. Mrs. Kolah
8. Mr. J. Dhanapala
9. Mr. D. Molden
10. Mr. G. Silva
11. Mrs. n. Tariq
12. Mr. B. John
13. Mr. A. Dean
14. Mrs. F. Hussain
15. Mr. P. Gomes
16. Mr. A. Saville
17. Mrs. G. Mansoor
18. Mr. D. Boyce
19. Mr. A. Joseph
20. Mr. Calistes
21. Mrs. A. Sarfraz
22. Mr. G. Joseph
23. Mr. Dost Mohammed



Teaching Staff (Matric Section)

Mr. P. Anthony
Mr. R. Anthony
Mrs. N. Bakhtiar
Miss. B. Das
Mrs. R. Davidson
Mr. A. Dean
Mrs. Azra
Mr. P. Gomes
Mrs. S. Issa
Mr. B. John
Mrs. Sofia
Mrs. N. Miranda
Mrs. N. Mohiuddin
Mr. J. Nazareth
Miss Florence Kelvin
Miss A. R. Noronha
Mrs. N. Naqvi
Mrs. Salina Orr
Miss P. Pereira
Mr. L. Rodrigues
Mr. A. Saville
Mrs. S. Shaikh
Mrs. L. Tahir
Mr. M. Turner
Mr. B. Vaz
Mrs. Jilani
Miss V. Dass
Mr. Errol Fernando
Mrs. Rose Mary Davidson
Mr. Noble Khan
Mr. Benny Vaz
Mrs. M. Noronha
Mrs. Naqvi
Mrs. Lubna
Mrs. Nighat Bak.
Mr. Ghousbux Sheiekh
Miss Sarwat
Mr. Sydney Vaz
Mr. Abbasi
Mr. Harold Perera
Mr. Majid Shad
Mrs. Ikramullah



St. Patrick's Students Societies

Photographic Society

President: Faraz Salim Hussein
Vice President: Imran Jooma
Secretary: Warda Rasool
J. Secretary: Afshan Siddiqui
Treasurer: Sharmeen Rabbani
Chirf Organizer: Raza Hasnaini
Council Members: Salimah Saleh
Ambreen Khan
Faraz Abassi
Ali Muzammil



Literary Club

Founder Club: Warda rasool
Naheed Chowdhry
Sabeena Saleh

Science Society

President: Themas Tassawur
Vice President: Isfandujar Junjua
Secretary: Salman Saad
Council Members: Faraz Saleem Hussein
Faisal Humayun
Raheem Khan

Music Society

President: Imran Hanafi
Vice President:
Secretary:
Council Members: Warda Rasool
Sohail Ahmer
Atif Khan
Sabeena Saleh
Muzaffar Siddiqui



Helpers' Society

President: Faraz Zaman

Secretary: Naheed Chowdhry

Council Members: Ambreen Khan

Imran Hanafi

Ali Muzammil

Sabeena Saleh

Atif Khan

Computer Society:

President: Junaid Ahmed

V. President: Ali Raza

Adnan Samdani

Kaiser Shaiguni

Secretary General : Irfandyar Janjua

Secretaries: Mustufa Karim

Salman Saad.

Treasurer: Hameed Moinuddin

Council Members: Faraz Salim Hussein

Faisal Humayun



The Helper's Society

A visit to Kashana - e - Atfal

There comes a time when every (wo)man's conscience starts to prick him/her or, as the case may be, he/she starts to think of his/her recommendations. Thus it was with the Helper's Society.

Inspired by the novel "Daddy Long Legs", we decided to bring a ray of sunshine into the lives of the little orphan girls at the Kashana - e - Atfal - o - Naunehal. The male members of the Helper's Society were more than eager to escort us; however, we politely, but firmly refused. So it fell to our lot to organise a party at the orphanage on Eid Day.

Nothing in our confined lives had prepared us for the experience of visiting an orphanage. We had visualized - thanks to Daddy Long Legs - rows of neatly and identically dressed girls gazing at us with wistful expressions, living in a gloomy, badly maintained building. However, we were in for a pleasant surprise.

We arrived promptly at 4.30 p.m. at the gates of the Kashana - e - Atfal. We had been expecting a grand reception committee, so we were quite disappointed when we found the gates closed and the place looking quite deserted. The only signs of life was a suspicious little chowkidar peering out at us through a little peephole. There was much explanation before he finally understood that we did not have any ill intentions whatsoever.

After parking our cars we went in search of the lady incharge, who was in her office. From her we discovered that the girls were taking their afternoon nap. Apologizing profusely, she offered to conduct us around the orphanage while the girls were awakened from their little siesta and dressed. It was around 5.00 p.m. when they finally trooped out onto the lawn. Contrary to our expectations of little orphans dressed neatly in clean but drab uniforms, the (not so little) girls were attired in brightly coloured garments. Instead of wistful expressions we found bored (and sleepy) ones and a few of them grumbled quite openly as to why their sleep had been disturbed. (Obviously the girls were used to a comfortable though disciplined living.) The Kashana was a far cry from Charles Dickens' orphanage.

Despite such an anticlimatic beginning we bravely began the party. As we arranged the girls in a semi-circle in order to play a game, we began to feel more and more foolish as the girls' expressions grew even more bored until finally we felt that they were doing us a favour by tolerating our little whims and were humouring us.

The first game we played was passing the parcel. As all of us had (of course!!) forgotten about bringing any music, so Mrs Siddiqui and Sabeena offered to sing for us. However, the game soon dwindled to the distribution of the gifts from the parcel. This we were too disheartened to continue, so we suggested taking tea. We had brought snacks and drinks with us. At first, the manners taught us by our mamas prevailed and we abstained from partaking of the tea; but soon, our etiquette gave way to our baser desires and we fell with gusto on the food.

Mellowed by the meal, a look of animation stole across the girls' faces and they offered to sing us a song, proving that we were not the only ones with musical instincts. The ice finally broken, we mingled freely until it was time to leave, which we did amidst much goodwill and promises to pay them another visit. It was around 6.30 p.m. that we finally drove out through the gates of Kashana feeling satisfied with a job well done.

Sharing the joys of Eid with the girls at Kashana



Drama

April 1990 marked the second consecutive "A" level Interhouse Drama Competition. And while the title of this passage seems somewhat patronizing, each team's performance was not only dramatically sound but also enjoyable. St. Pat's "A" Level community proved it houses an abundance of "Little Oliviers."

In actuality, the patronizingly encouraging title (now isn't that a mouthful, can you guess who wrote this article?) makes reference to every adversity that reared its ugly head during production; and the (trumpet please, hold the confetti) perseverance of the cast, crew and directors.

Technical problems, involving lighting and acoustics, forced directors to indulge in the "Cardinal Sin" of rewriting stage directions and settings. One of the directors, at a particularly suicidal stage was ready to cash in his chips when the promptness and regularity of his cast developed proportionally to the numbers of days left till the performance (figure that out for yourselves Math students). But suffice it to say, after numerous script revisions, hearty rebukes from the organizer Mrs. Zohra Siddiqui, and many many crossed fingers the show did go on. Those that were there are enriched souls and shall remember for many a day; those that missed it lead a deprived life. But, fret not children, 'all the world's a stage, and besides there's always next year.

Green House: "Ten Little Indians" (Agatha Christie)

Director: Ayesha Vawda

Cast: Ali Muzammil, Naveed Chandia, Ayesha Younus Khan Burair Khuzim, Salman Shahid.

Props: Cheryl Mascarenhas, Khusio Jhumra

Blue House: "The Proposal" (Chekov)

Director: Dominic Savio Ernest

Cast: Khurum Jhumra, Afshan Siddiqui, Faraz Haider

Red House: "A Slight Accident"

Director: Ataulлах Rehman

Cast: Farid Mirza, Sabeena Saleh, Aminuddin Khan, Farhan Fasihuddin

Yellow House: "Who's Life is it anyway?" (Brian Cook)

Director: Muzaffar Siddiqui

Cast: Faraz Zaman, Shazia Rahman, Zeneida Sethna, Faisal Humayun, Muzaffar Siddiqui

Crew: Denzel Dias

Standings: Yellow House - First Position

Blue House - Second Position

Green House - Third Position

Red House - Fourth Position

Best Director: Muzaffar Siddiqui

Best Actor: Muzaffar Siddiqui

Highlights

2. The O'Level Art Competition 1988

Best of 88-89	Class
Adeel Ahmed Khan	6 A
Michael Trinidad	7 A
Murtaza Lakhani	8 A

The A'Level Art Competition 1988

First Prize Atiya Resham Zamir
Second Prize Sameeah Dossa
Third Prize Joanne Monterio

1. A'Level Debate

Held on 5th September 1988

The Red house team was declared as the winner. It comprised of :- Mohd. A. Rehman, Mohd. F. Younas and Sohail Patel.

A'Level Drama Competition 1989

The Yellow house emerged as the winner, scoring 47 points out of 60.
Salma Habib was declared the best actress.

A'Level Drama Competition 1990

Yellow house was awarded the 1st position. It scored 99 points on its play "Whose life is it any way?"

Director : Muzaffar Siddiqi

Actors : Mohammed Faraz Zaman, Muzaffar Siddiqi, Faisal Humanyun
Shazia Rehman, Zaraida Sethena.

Inter-school competitions.

The Rotary Club Debate

October 1989

The winner was "Khalid Jamal" of class 11-A

1. P.A.F. Declamation Contest

November 1989

The winner was "Dominic" of the 'A' Levels class 13, science section.

Japan Art Competition 1988

Medal	Name
Silver	Ehsnaullah Sheikh
Copper	Junai Ahmad
Copper	Faisal Raja
Copper	Mohammed Usman Zaffar

Japan Art Competition 1989

Medal	Name
Gold	Farhan Shahbaz 8-C
Silver	Gabriel Younas Peter 8-C
Silver	syed Naunge Ali 7-C
Copper	Junai Ahmad 8-B
Copper	Hamid Mehmood 6-C
Copper	Saleem Mirza 4-B

Silver and Golden Jubilarians

Receiving Awards for their dedicated service from the Bishop are :



Father Todd for 50 years as a Franciscan Priest.



Father Varkey for 25 years as a Priest in St. Patrick's

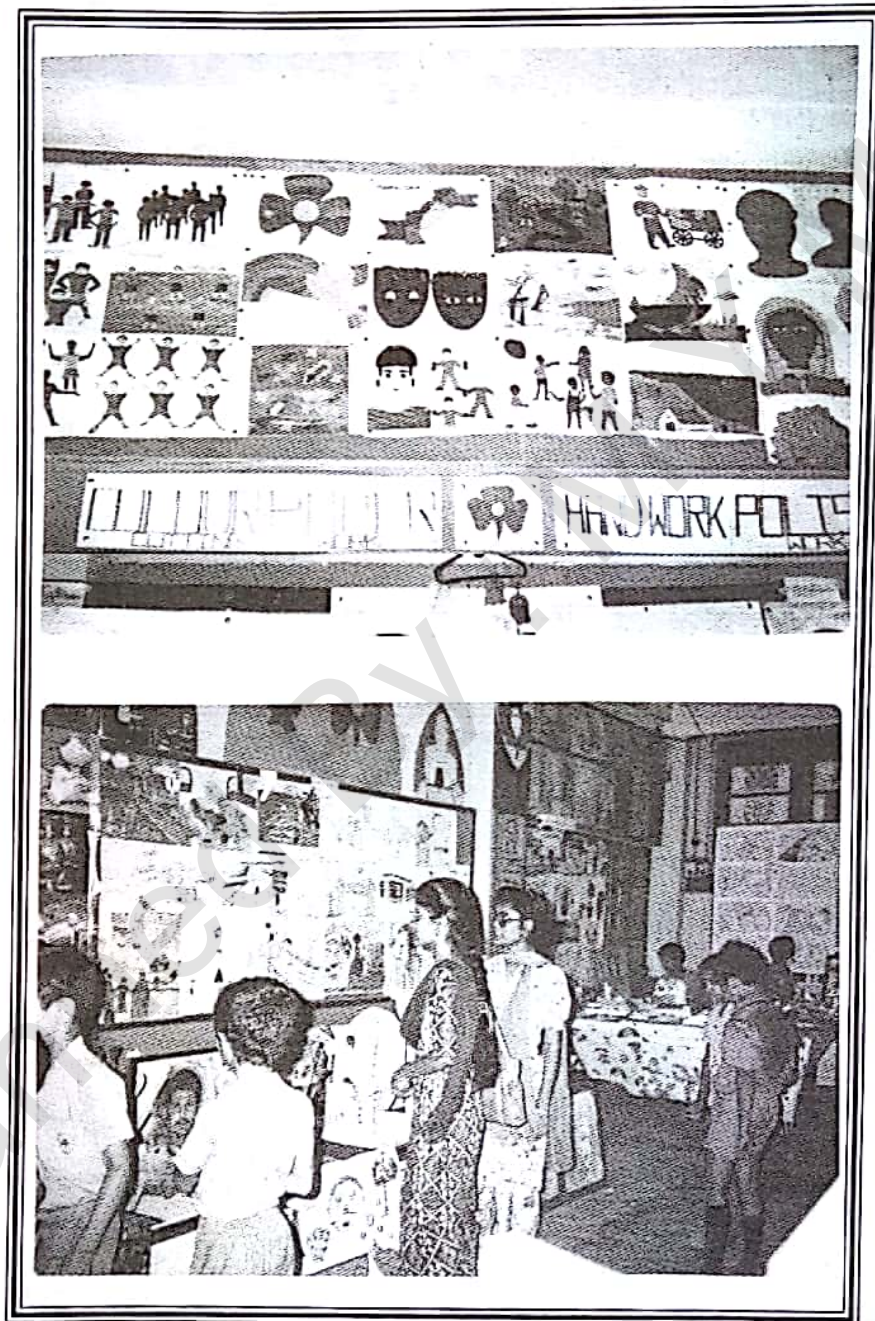


Mr. Chohan for 50 years as a teacher.



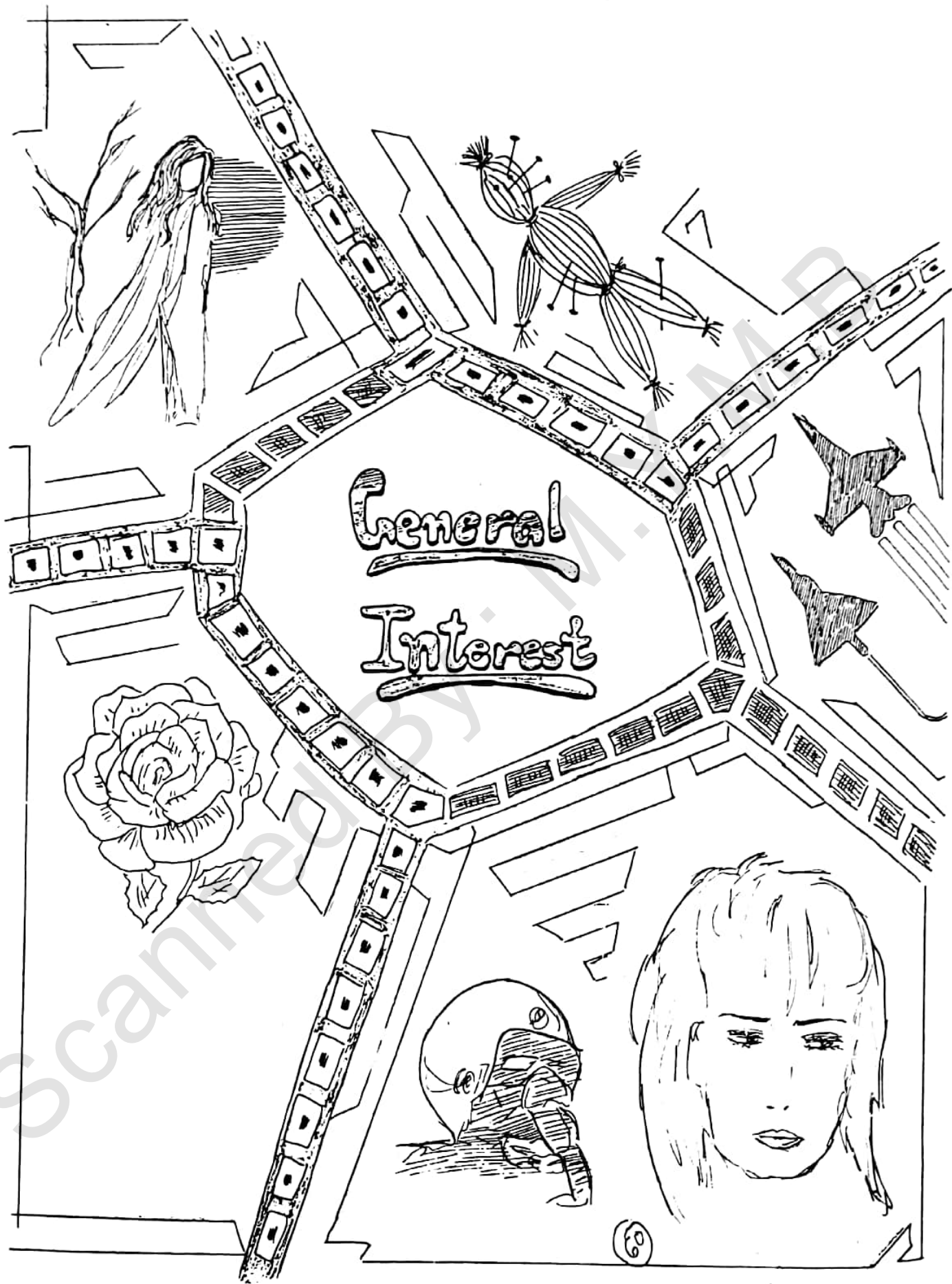
Mrs. D'Mello for 60 years as a teacher in St. Patrick's

Glimpses of an Art Exhibition at St. Patrick's









Holding back the years

It was already noon when she found the photographs. She had been searching for them since early morning and had almost given up hope of finding any, when she came across them. She sat back on her heels and studied them reflectively. She wondered why she started to search for them at all. Perhaps it had all begun when she saw Hasan on the morning news. Reality had struck hard then, as she had realised how far everyone had come in life and how most of her friends and colleagues were now on the top rungs of the ladder of success.

Sarah drifted dreamily into her past. She went back to her college days, lingering over the last few weeks before the exams. Ah! She fingered a photograph lovingly. Here was her group - Marzia, Zara, Usman, Ali, Hasan and herself. How happy they had been! And how little they had realised it! She thought of how she had accidentally met Usman at a party few days earlier. Recognising him, she hurried across the room to greet him, hoping to renew former acquaintances but he had simply stared at her with a blank expression, until she introduced herself; and even then his only greeting had been a politely murmured pleased-to-meet-you, as he turned back to his friends. Sarah wondered if he remembered how close they had been at school. Sharing every secret, however small; finding pleasure in the simplest things. She would never at the time have thought that this was what it would all come to in the end.

She started flicking through the photographs until she came across one of Zara's and herself, best friends. When Zara was leaving for the States, they had both wept unconsolably and vowed never to forget each other. But it was all a farce. A few letters were all that remained with her as proof of their friendship.

And what of Marzia and Ali? Oh! They were the only college sweethearts who remained sweethearts even after they finished their education. They eventually got married and were doing very well - Ali had become a very prosperous industrialist. She had not thought of them as very good friends even then, in school.

But Hasan? The old pain returned. The sight of him on the morning news had brought memories flooding back. She wondered if he remembered her and thought of how much in love they had once been. Any moment away from each other had been unbearable. Before going abroad for further studies, Hasan had promised her that he would return for her and had begged her to wait for him. She had, living only for the day when he would come back; so the news that he had married came as a severe blow to her. Then, when she had heard of the accident and of his wife's death, she began to nurture a secret hope that he still felt for her. She waited, disregarding any offer of marriage, despite of her age. Then Fate dealt her another blow when she saw a photograph of him and Zara together on the front page of the daily newspaper under the caption, "Tycoon marries former sweetheart". She realised then, that she had been deceiving herself all along.

She rose slowly, brushing the dust off her knees and replacing the photographs in the trunk that was covered with a thick layer of dust. Closing the lid she ran a finger over it, looking at it longingly. Those had been the best days of her life. And this was what her past had become - dust. She blew gently on it, and the myriad particles scattered in the air.

Looking around the tiny storeroom she shivered slightly, and opened the door. The bright sunlight streamed down on her, momentarily stopping her. Yes, this was her life now. No use dwelling on the past. Her life was what lay ahead.

She closed the door behind and breathed deeply. She realised that she must forget all those shadows of her past. Look ahead. There would be no Zara, Hasan or Usman. This life was her own. From now on she would live only in the present, starting with Owais. Maybe she had been a little curt when she had refused to go out for dinner with him. Well, it was never too late to make amends. . .

Smiling she lifted the receiver off the hook and started dialing his number.

by Naheed Chowdhry

The Magic of Failure

It is the wounded oyster that mends its shell with pearl. Success has a habit of fading into the past. It is the hurt that lingers on. It is the failure to achieve a goal that motivates and goads a man on. Failure is a great teacher. It shows you just how much you have to learn; that not everything is within grasping range. You just cannot reach out and grab at the things you want.

Man has to learn to be humble. He has to learn humility and patience before he is eligible for success. A chain of successes may be competing in the sense that man starts to think of himself as a god. He needs to be brought down to the ground; to have his feet placed firmly there. But a chain of failures for a man of wisdom and courage, is a battlefield. A test of his mettle. Without the bitter taste of failure, the sweetness of success cannot be fully appreciated.

Experience, is actually a cycle of failure and success. In Persia, where some of the finest handmade carpets are produced, carpet weavers patiently work out on intricate patterns. But with just a small slip of the eye or the hand, the pattern misses a link. The master weaver, does not make the trainee undo the whole thing and start again, he just uses the loose thread to blend it into a new pattern, in harmony with the carpet. The trainee then, just picks up from where he had missed. So it is with failure. We have to learn to use failures as stepping stones to higher things in life. Thus, experience is the ability to be a little better than before, after having faced defeat. It is the ability to see and remember one's undoing and refrain from repeating it.

But failure, for everyone, has a different significance. While some people may see it as a step towards learning and betterment, others might just give up hope. It is then, that failure teaches you to hope. And hope gives you the strength to move on. It helps you realize that a man incapable of making a mistake is incapable of achieving anything. It is just to overcome his failure that a man strives for success.

Failure is an amazing thing. It goads on a man in so many different ways. Where it leads one man onto greatness and success, it pushes the other into oblivion. Where it teaches one man self-respect, perseverance and courage, it condemns the other to a bottomless pit of self-pity. But the fact remains that failure is a great master. It doles out punishment to one and all; but only the cream rises to the top. Failure is the making and breaking of a man. It is your attitude which determines what you learn and where you finally end.

Success upon success is like having nothing to do. A man ironically fades into a non entity. It's like he has nothing more to achieve, no more battles to win. And this is what he fails to realize; that once at the peak, the downward journey begins. This too, he learns through his downward journey-failure.

Dominic Savio Earnest
Class XIII



On the Moon, without Honey

Today, several problems face the women of Pakistan. The answer to the question, "Who causes women problems?" is of course "men"! I read quite an interesting remedy to this problem somewhere. It said that if we can send one man to the moon, why can't we send them all? It does make sense doesn't it? Anyway women's right in Pakistan are a serious problem, certainly not to be trifled with.

The average woman in Pakistan is considered to be a second-rate citizen. From the beginning she is a burden to her family. Under-nourished and illiterate, she is married off at adolescence with an impressive dowry.

The dowry problem is one of the main social evils in our society today. Greedy and grasping, the bridegroom's parent's demand a handsome dowry. In many cases they threaten to call off the wedding on the actual day of the marriage and cause irreparable damage to the bride's name. The extortion of dowry repeats thus causes anxiety and mental anguish to the parents of an average bride in Pakistan. The bride gets depressed with this realization. It can affect her psychologically and she can become a victim of an inferiority complex. In many cases the father and brothers of the bride even resort to crime, leading to serious consequences, to marry her off!

Male chauvinists seem to think that the creation of woman kind was to serve them. Men reign as kings at home while their poor wives cook, clean, wash and look after the children. They are not even allowed to make important decisions. The worst part is that their effort goes unappreciated. In some cases ignorant jealous husbands kill them brutally or accuse them of zina on the slightest suspicion of a liaison with another man. Many men take drugs and immersed in euphoria let their wives assume the role of the breadwinner of the family as well.

Being a woman in Pakistan means that you are doomed to a married life of looking after your children, home and husband. Nothing can be more frustrating than performing the same endless chores at home day in and day out. A woman's monotonous life is limited to her home, while her husband meets new people, sees different places and enjoys a fuller and completer life full of experience.

They are far fewer primary schools in Pakistan for females than for males. At the college level women do not get enough seats in the medical and engineering professional colleges. Perhaps, men who previously delighted in a male dominated college feel that their position is being threatened by the upcoming, historically? under-privileged class of women.

Most well-educated women are not allowed to work. They can work their hands to the bone at home but certainly not outside. This rule satisfies the male ego that he is perfectly capable of supporting his family while the practical aspect, the additional income goes ignored. Educated women have only a few typical professions to choose from if they want to maintain a good reputation. These include the teaching and medical fields. The more interesting and challenging professions: photography, sports, journalism, athletics, modeling, music and film direction and the management of large firms were until recently mainly dominated by men. Today women who have worked steadily and with great perseverance have occupied these new positions. It has not been easy for them to work with sex discrimination, no leave allowed during pregnancy and early child care.

Illiterate women work on the fields in their villages, and in the cities on buildings under construction, working as hard as men. Perhaps, they work even harder than men because of anatomy differences, but are still paid far less because they are women. Other jobs usually taken up by educated women include the post of secretaries, telephone operators and receptionists.

In jails many women prisoners languish year after year because they have no one to turn to. Deserted by their loved ones, some of them live with their children who have not ventured forth beyond the jail walls. These women sometimes are not even brought to court to plead their innocence and are left rotting behind iron bars. Not aware of legal procedures they condemn themselves to a wretched existence due to their own ignorance.

The spread of education and political awareness has resulted in the birth and of several organisations for women. These include the A.P.W.A., W.A.F., the Human Rights Commission and many others. The Human Rights Commission and Legal Aid provide free help to rehabilitate unfortunate female victims of injustice. The A.P.W.A. provides women with jobs making handicrafts. This encourages Pakistan's cultural heritage and provides the women with a monthly income. They also provide medical facilities to the female employees. Many organisations make females aware of their social position. These organisations formed a joint action committee to organise demonstrations in the campaign against the Shariah Ordinance and the Hudood Ordinance. During these peaceful demonstrations, they faced a male chauvinistic police force who attacked them with a vengeance. These organizations also plan to hold an All Pakistan Convention of Women organizations.

The election of Mrs. Benazir Bhutto heralded the dawn of a new era for women kind. With her guidance all the baseless restrictions imposed on women in commercials, television, radio, education and cultural institutions will disappear. She brings to mind the three Queens of the Muslim world who ruled in the thirteenth century. Shajar-ad-durr, slave wife of Sadin's grand-nephew, the Queen of Mamluks in Egypt who defeated the crusade of Louis IX in 1250. Abish, the last of the princely line of salghar patrons of the Persian poet Sadi, who ruled for about a quarter of a century during the troubled times of Mongol supremacy. The third is Razia Sultana who sat on the throne of Delhi for nearly three and a half years.

The three Queens of the Muslim world and other successful women are an inspiration for us to attain high positions of power and prestige. The men of today should try to understand this and support our struggle. If they don't we can always send them to the moon!

by Ayesha Younas Khan
Class XIII

JOKES

Woman: Look, now that we are engaged, I expect a ring from you.

Man: Alright. Just give me your phone number.

Father: Hey Jonny, did you meet your mother at the station?

Jonny: No dad, I think I met her in a hospital.

Lady: Why have you dressed so warmly, just to paint the dining-room?

Husband: The paint can said put on three coats.

By Amin Khan
Class. XIII



Reflections

She could hear the giggles and whispers of girls outside her room. They had been around her a while ago, teasing, giving meaningful smiles which did not communicate any thrills to her. They had been sent out of the room for some ceremony. Now she sat there alone, adorned with jewellery - the lifelong savings of her parents. But did it mean anything to her? She closed her eyes, an aura of nostalgia surrounded her and she drifted down memory lane.

It had not been long when she was a carefree student at I.B.A. She was not bothered about anything as long as things worked out her way. But this sudden turmoil in her life changed her total outlook. She could still recall her last meeting with Sohail. It was the beginning of the first semester of the final year when her mother very causally informed her she was to be married off very soon and therefore she would have to discontinue her studies. It hurt her to see how easily her parents decided her future, to change it. But she hoped against hope to change it and ran off to the University to see Sohail the very next day. He, as usual was absorbed in his books.

"Sohail, I'm getting married," She said with great difficulty

"What! Why so early? You still have a year to go," he said, his eyes still clouded over his books.

"My parents want to see me settled and out of the way before they go for Haj," she replied looking away.

"Look Shehla, I know what you have in mind but I cannot even think of getting married for at least five years. Like you, my parents also have some plans for me," he explained very calmly.

"Ok, I get it. So I guess this is goodbye." She did not want to go on any further.

"So I guess," he said. In the long silence that ensued Shehla tried to think of something more to say, hesitant to let it all go so easily. But finding herself at a loss she finally walked away.

That was it. Sohail was now an image of the past. She had no complaints about it, after all they had never made any commitments to one another. She now waited to see what her parents would do. They did not even consult her, merely informed her of her wedding. And so the ultimate blow was struck. After giving so much of love, freedom and education why does everything come to this? She could not protest although she was about to lose everything. Helplessly she watched things taking their course, powerless to alter them.

She heard steps coming towards the room and she opened her eyes to face the reality and close the doors of memory lane. The door swung open, she wiped away the tears and forced a smile. What does the future hold for her, happiness or grief? Only time will tell.

by Ambreen Khan.

VOODOO :

The dark side of Magic

Voodoo - the very word conjures up lurid images of walking dead men, lethal wax dolls riddled with pins and bizarre midnight rituals in the depths of the Haitian jungle. But there is more to voodoo than simple black magic. Its original form came into contact with Roman Catholicism in the 16th Century, when African slaves were brought to the Caribbean island of Haiti. The result was that voodoo absorbed many of the complexities of the Roman Catholic religion. Thus, for example, many identify their voodoo snake god, Vamballah, with Ireland's St. Patrick.

The voodoo spirit world is ruled by Hegba, mediator between man & spirits. Worshippers invoke these gods and spirits in times of trouble. A typical voodoo ceremony will take place on a Saturday night at a 'houmfor', a temple in the Haiti forest. A high priest called a 'houngas' begin the ceremony with prayers and incantations. He draws on the ground magical symbols, or 'veves' special to the god he wishes to summon. The worshippers begin to dance and as the frenzy grows, sacrifices - usually chickens and goats are offered. At some point, if all goes well, the bodies of some of the worshippers will become possessed, and they will writhe uncontrollably, speak in the strange tongues and finally collapse on the ground. This will be taken as a sign that the god or spirit has favoured the worshippers' petition.

It is however, the darker side of voodoo that has most captured the world's imagination. Ascribed to voodoo societies are practices such as ritual murder, cannibalism and black magic. Sorcerers known as 'bokas' will, for a fee, invoke the aid of the god of death and evil sorcery, Baron Samedi, in placing lethal curses on the living and perhaps even more frightful curses on the newly dead. It is these who can be turned into zombies reanimated corpses condemned to serve their masters forever as mindless slaves.

In almost all cases, voodoo magic is successful. The scientific explanation offered for this is that a believer in voodoo can cause himself to die of fright, if he thinks he has been cursed. Self-induced shock, leading to circulation failure and a breakdown of oxygen-starved vital organs, can be precipitated purely by the fatal powers of imagination . . . or is it because of Baron Samedi?

Naheed Chowdhry
2nd year, A'levels

What do chimpanzees sing during Christmas?
—Jungle bells.

What goes 99 clonk 99 clonk?
—A centipede with a wooden leg.

What do you call a tasty rifle with three holes?
—Trifle.

Why was the Mohawk called Paleface?
—He had a face like a bucket.

Why did the iceskater avoid telling any jokes on the frozen lake?
—The ice might have cracked up.

The Little, Big Voice Within

The revolution in my life came not so long ago - I was talking to a good friend of mine on the phone about school matters. We were having a nice chat, as I was telling my friend what I thought of the new first-years when she interrupted me, "You'll have to excuse me now as my 'namaz' is getting 'qaza'. I'll call you afterwards." "Fine", I said and hung up.

As I came out to my balcony and sat down, I heard a voice behind me. Looking back I found nobody, but the voice was there. I tried to calculate its direction but all attempts proved futile. It seemed to be coming from all around me. It was a soft voice with a definite rhythm; a rhythm which was producing echoes as it continued faintly. After much concentration I managed to hear the words ringing "My namaz is getting 'qaza' . . . My namaz is getting 'qaza' . . . My namaz is getting 'qaza' . . ."

These were the words my friend had said a while ago on the phone. They went on ringing in my ears and all around me. Then a strange feeling arose from the darkness of the evening around me and engulfed me like a shroud, suffocating me, leaving me breathless. It embraced me like a mist and was everywhere. Its presence was more felt than seen; it made me feel guilty and desperately alone. I tried to fight it, to overcome it by ignoring it, but to no avail. It made itself felt by becoming a part of me; it entered my body and mind and was inextricably intertwined into my soul. My body was no longer mine but belonged to that alien sensation, the sensation that had me groping in the darkness for something to hold on to; all this while the voice echoed.

Now I realized the force of the voice. My friend cared so much about getting a namaz 'qaza' and here was I who could not remember a single day when I had said all the five namazes. As I sat there my ego crumbled before me into nothingness.

By now, the tears from my eyes were trickling down my cheeks and dripping onto my shirt. Suddenly fear gripped me as I thought of myself facing God one day. The voice was still there but it was very faint when another voice, a voice that was very familiar, a voice that I had taken for granted for so many years made itself audible and meaningful to me - the azaan. I felt a new respect for it now. Determined, I got up to go to my room and say the long overdue namaz ... to ask God for his forgiveness...

With this feeling of humility came the sense of deepest gratitude towards my friend, a friend whose few words, "My namaz is getting qaza," steered my whole life towards a better course. I shall always be indebted to her and remember her in all my prayers.

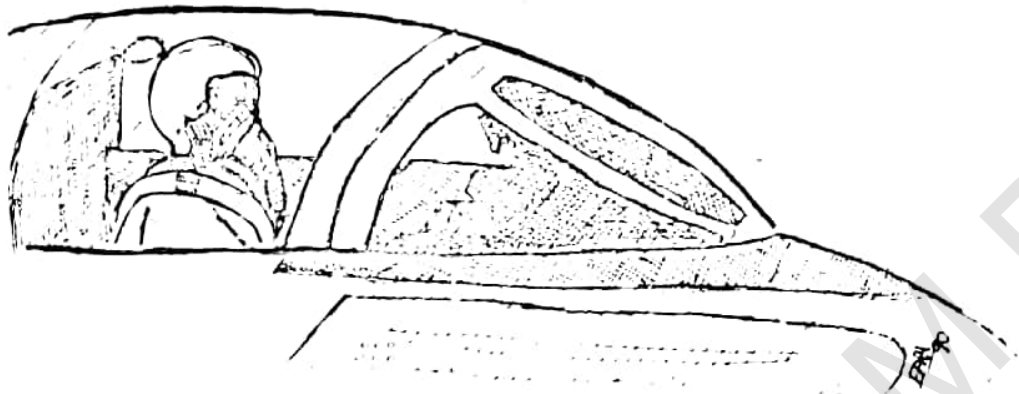
by Faraz Zaman

This fact about talk I've no doubt of,
Because of the trouble I've been to:
I seldom can talk my way out of
The things I'm so often talked into.

As soon as she left, she was the life of the party.

Tears: The hydraulic force by which masculine will-power is defeated by feminine water-power.

THE UNKNOWN POWER



His eyes were searching the sky, his mind was at ease, but his body was being tortured by the gruesome forces of his dream. A fantasy that had turned into a reality, a fact that was out to take his life, his life as a pilot.

Instinctively he turned his dream-boat into reality, turning, spinning, falling, racing, all made his blood boil, but he was cool, cool as the cold shower he had taken in the small hours of the morning. Twice the speed of sound he screamed his machine into the tunnel which went straight to hell. He was one of the very few who had flown so close to the heavens. A tight 'G' turn caused a black-out. Yes, he knew what he was doing up there, how he made it up there. He knew what he had gone through, he could prove it if only someone could see deep into him, but he never regretted it, in fact he was proud of who he was, at last he had a chance to put himself to the ultimate test, but he could never have imagined the end. The black-out had lasted only for a few seconds. No one could hear him, no one could help him, he was up there alone, disturbed only by the whine of the engine and his own confident but heavy breathing. They were maintaining radio silence but he longed for it's distinct crackle.

It was an ocean of silence, of memories, of his two year old family, his parents, his life. He could hear the people of his nation urging him on, but where? Suddenly his own private thoughts and his world in the air was shattered by a loud buzz accompanied by a series of flashing lights. He shot a glance at his radar, then in the air to air mode. There they were four deformed dots, dead ahead fifty miles, closing in at supersonic speed. Dead ahead six miles he searched the skies, contact, visual I.D. confirmed. He was ready. Reducing air speed, drop tanks away, close range missiles, armed lock-on, searching. Dead ahead four miles, lock-on achieved, fire one! hit on bogie confirmed. That shoved his spirits into high gear. Break right, bogie right behind you, he's firing. Pull hard, God that was close, sweat beads dominated his forehead. Bogie two in sight, switching to guns, fire! Hit two confirmed, but that was all he was going to get, he was already a hero, he could hear the cheers down below.

Suddenly he lurched forward and had a strong sensation of falling, falling into the depths of the sky, into the infinite pit of society and criticism. His dream had turned into a nightmare and now he was dead. No one to call for, no one to love, just plain simple death. For him it was the ultimate test for which he was now a 'Shaheed'. It was the unknown power.

Ali Muzammil
A-level's (2nd Year).

A matter of attitude

A soft touch on my arm shakes me out of my reverie and I find myself staring into the face of a little beggar child. Her dark, sparkling, filled eyes immediately request my attention. She moves her hand towards her mouth to indicate her hunger and with a moaning, piteous voice, recounts her miseries and informs me of the rewards which will be awaiting me in the life hereafter, if I help her today. Words follow each other in a steady stream and it is clear that they have been drilled into her head by a professional. When I refuse, she gives me a strange smile and, perceiving another chance (a car stops next to mine), flits away.

My eyes follow her from one car to another (sometimes successful in her attempts and sometimes not), until my attention is diverted by violent screams from another car. They come from a child, picking and pushing about, his parents trying to pacify him. Apparently, he does not like the ice-cream that has been ordered for him and this has annoyed him - a typical example of a spoilt brat. The half-eaten ice-cream is returned along with the other bowls and they all leave. Peace is once again restored.

The waiter is carrying the tray containing the ice-cream bowls towards the shop. He is stopped by the beggar girl who pushes forward her begging bowl. When the waiter pours in the half-eaten-ice-cream into it, her mischievous face lights up with a smile. Life, I guess, is a matter of attitude.

by Sakina Jan Mohammad

JOKES QUOTED

A parrot was up for sale at an auction. The bidding proceeded briskly, and soon a winner was announced. While paying, the high bidder asked the auctioneer if the parrot could speak.

"Sure can", said the auctioneer. "It was the parrot who was bidding against you".

"How are your English lessons coming along?" asked one student from another.

"Fine. I used to be the one who could not understand the English, and now it's the English who can't understand me."

Question : "Who is an Ambassador?"

Answer : "An honest man sent to other countries to tell lies."

Boy : "Until I met you, life was just one big desert".

Girl : "Is that why you dance like a camel?"

"What's the death rate around here?"

"Same as any other place; one death per person".

I nearly got killed yesterday. I went into an antique shop and asked "What's new?"

Question : "What kind of men go to heaven?"

Answer : "Dead men".

by Noomair Ahmer Zuberi
Class XI - A

Tribute to a Hero from his Teacher

There lay before the mourning mother,
The lifeless body of her youthful son,
He, the source of joy to the whole family,
Was the most dear and popular one.

Tears of blood flooded down her eyes,
And innudated her broken heart,
A sad and pathetic figure she looked,
Having suffered the fate's untimely dart.

She, slowly revived her withered wits,
And looked around at the condolatory crowd,
Whose affectionate and kind looks gave her courage,
To put an appearance, brave and proud.

Behold! she stood up all of a sudden,
And spoke in a language firm and brave,
"My son has died before our dear clime,
Indeed, he lives now beyond the grave."

She carried on a proud mother's message,
With her spirited patriotic oration,
"I wish I could offer all my children,
For the security of our beloved nation."

The assemblage stood, petrified and stunned,
At the grief-struck mother's chivalrous endeavour,
"Hail." "mother of Shaheed Rashid", they exclaimed,
"Thy son now liveth for ever and ever."

Michael M. R. Chohan,
In charge A'Levels,
St. Patrick's High School

Mozart

When Mozart was a tiny boy,
A scoffer wishing to annoy.
Dared him to play a wide-spaced chord.
On his father's Harpischord.

Just as any person might,
He played the top half with his right.
While with his left he struck the bass,
A smile upon his happy face.

But there still remained between the two,
A middle note; What could he do?
Yes it's just as you'd suppose,
He played it with his little nose!

by Imran A Hanafi
'A' Levels

A Poem

I look at him,
It can't be,
After all these years!
Does he remember me?
I wonder.
Brushing the grey hair away
I walk towards him.
Crossing the rows of seven-up bottles.
He seems so different, so old.
Do I look as old?
Have I become as different?
Does he remember me?
I wonder?
I remember,
How he used to make fun
Of my badminton playing,
Always saying,
It would be a cold day in May,
When he'd play with me.
I introduce myself,
Stammering and stumbling.
He smiles;
Of course he remembers me,
Has my badminton game improved?

By Misbah Aziz Habib

Sweet Chariot

Spring forth sweet chariot, from the recesses of my soul,
Your hesitant rider has awakened once more.
Long have you been tethered by the sinewy rope of mundanity,
Locked in a stable of, of purported sanity.
For it is not your flight of fancy
To elicit visions optimistic, feelings of empathy.
All encompassing and impartial in your flight,
Bringing congenital injustices to light.
Allowing your rider to observe with clarity,
Cathartic hues untouched by dull shades of maturity.
Time and oft has your rider checked his hand,
Lest the grasp of your reins reveal his afflicted heart and land.
But now the high wing once more he does endure,
While wondering if by acknowledging the disease he comes closer to the cure.
Soar high sweet chariot, on a zephyr of hope,
Too long have I suppressed thee within myself.

by Muzaffer Siddiqui
A Levels

Verses / Worses

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sands.
Make your seaside beach-house,
More than you can stand.

There was a lady Miss Molic,
Who had regular fits of cholic.
So she took brandy each day,
And soon the pain went away,
But left her alcoholic.

Hickory dickory dock,
There mice ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
And the other two got away with minor injuries.....

There was a lamb named Bops,
Who leapt around in hops.
As I have heard some people say,
He gambolled in the road one day,
And finished up as chops.

adapted by Imran A Hanafi
'A' Levels

O'ROSE

Pink, fresh and lovely,
O'Rose you are so pretty,
The delicate, velvety petals,
Budding and then blooming.
By your fragrant smell,
The very sick can rise,
By your exquisite sight,
The lovers can smile.
But at the peak of your glory,
The tears on your petals shine.
For the end is close
When the petals would shrivel
The glossiness gone,
And on the cold ground you will lie
No longer pretty but fragile,
No looks of awe but that of scorn.
And the only thing the Rose would say;
'Why was I made, if only to face,
This sad and cruel fate?'



Afshan Siddiqui
A - Levels 2nd year.



The Second years planting a rose and leaving their roots behind.



What is Plaque?

Plaque is a sticky bacterial film which builds up on the tooth surface. If left unchecked, it can cause tooth decay and gum diseases resulting in tooth loss.

New Macleans - the proven plaque fighter

Macleans is so concerned about gum health that they reformulated their fluoride toothpaste to include PA1. A special anti-bacterial agent clinically proven to fight plaque! While fluoride fights decay.



**FIGHTS PLAQUE
FIGHTS DECAY**

ASIATIC

A report on St. Patrick's Technical School – Karachi

St. Patrick's Technical School is run by the La Salle Brothers, a body of Educators of world- wide renown. Their Founder St. John the Baptist De La Salle lived in the 17th century (1651 - 1719) and was a pioneer in the field of Education. Most of his methods, which have gradually been adopted in class teaching almost universally, are still followed after three centuries of practical experience in some 80 countries in the world, including Pakistan.

PURPOSE AND AIMS OF THE SCHOOL

St. Patrick's Technical School recognizes the dignity of Man. The potential of each individual can only bloom fully if nurtured by genuine religious and sound education.

St. Patrick's Technical School strives to help meet the demands of our national goals and aspirations, through a curriculum geared towards the current needs of the nation and social justice. It aims at helping and guiding students who want to go for higher studies as well as professional skills in view of the country's progress.

The kind of education that this school provides will help the individual adjust himself to the community and enhance the range and quality of his participation in the basic functions of society.

After passing Class VIII a student is promoted to the pre-engineering matric IX & X where the subjects offered are: English Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Sindhi, Urdu, Technical Drawing, Trade Theory and Trade Practice and any one of the following Technologies; i.e. Automotive Technology, Machine Technology, Electrical Technology, Electronic Technology and Refrigeration & Air-conditioning Technology.

Students passing out from St. Patrick's Technical School have the privilege of joining any Science College or Polytechnic.

Quite a number of our ex-students are doing very well in many walks of life and quite a few of them have gained admission to N.E.D. Engineering University and have also joined the armed services as officers and the Air Force as pilots.

Besides academic studies our students have exhibition of their work annually and have other extra curricular activities like Honesty week and Cleanliness week. Our students excel in sports activities as well. At the recent C.B.E. conducted sports, we were winners in cricket, runners up in football and we got the third place in basketball.

In the new academic year 1990, our numbers increased by more than a 100 students and we have classes from VI to X.

St. Patrick's Technical School

Staff List

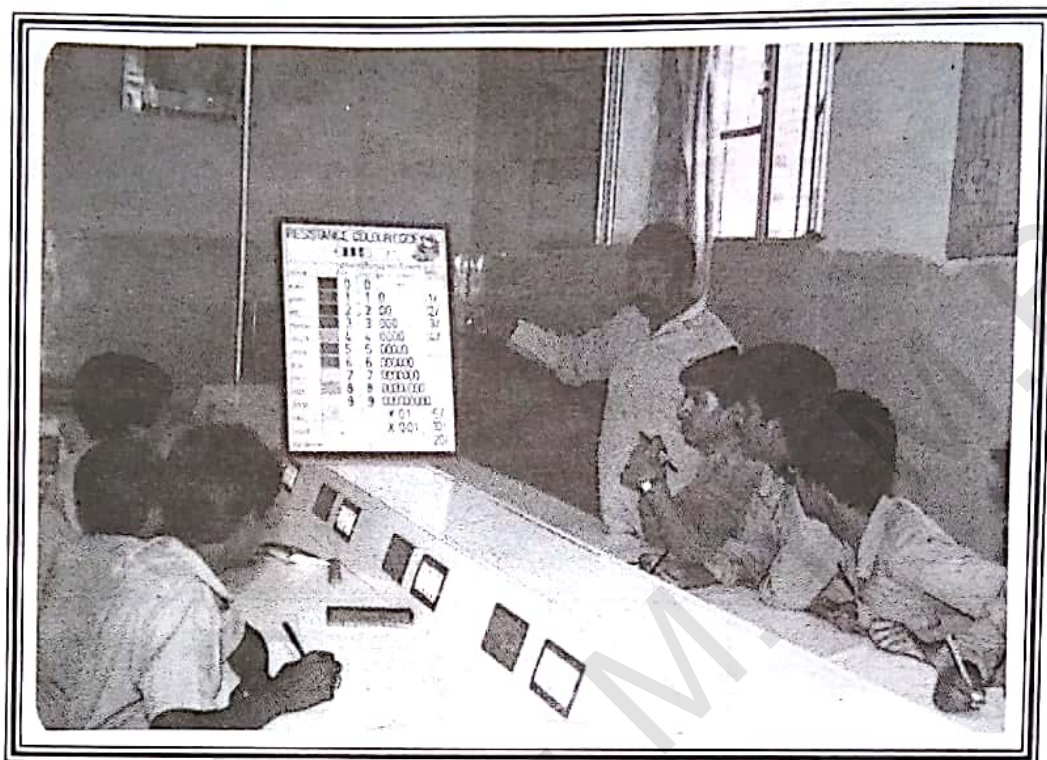
Br. George	Principal	Mr. George Noronha	Ins.
Bro. Norman	Ins.	Mr. Iqbal Anjum	H.o.D. Radio Electronics
Bro. Herman	Ins.	Mr. Martin Thomas	Ins.
Mr. Ghazanfar	Ins.	Mr. Samuel Inayat	Fee
Mr. Jamil	Ins.	Mr. Rodney D'Souza	Fee
Mr. J. Danial	H.o.D. Machine	Miss. Annette Rose	Fee
Mr. Arthur Fernandes	Ins.	Mrs. N. Ibrahim	Fee
Shahzad Khan	Ins.	Mrs. Farhat Suleman	Fee
Mr. Anthony Daniel	H.o.D. Electrical	Mrs. Essa	Fee
Mr. Shahid Rabbani	Ins.	Mr. Roman Rodrigues	Fe
Mr. Abdul Haq	H.o.D Ref. & A/C.	Mr. Rodney Gonsalves	Fee
Mr. Yasin Khan	Ins.	Mr. Glenn Antao	Lab.
Bro. Solomon	Class VII	Mr. Amir Suleman	—
Mr. Samuel James	H.o.D. Auto	Mr. Patrick	Fee
Mr. John Fernandes	Ins.	Miss. Shahina	Fee



Technical School Staff

Annual Exhibition at the Technical School





Annual Exhibition at the Technical School

Electrical Department

First Prize	Kamran, Waseem, Gulzar, Rehan (10 H)
Second Prize	Asif Zaid, Sahi, Tariq (10 H)
Third Prize	Tariq, Raymond, George (9H)

Refrigeration Department

First Prize	Kumar Drowamy, Mehmood Kurshid, Waris Ashir, Munrawar (10 I)
Second Prize	Ain-ud-din, Murtaza, Nadeem, G. Hector, Kumar, Munawar, Adnan (10 I)
Third Prize	M. Sajid, Asim Khan, Tariq Akbar, S. Nadem, Javed E. (10 I)

Auto Department

First Prize	Asrar Jamal (10 J)
Second Prize	Razak Wilson, Ashard Ali, Simon, Sajid Imran (10 J)
Third Prize	Johnson, Sohail Sattar

Electronics Department

First Prize	Shahid Rafiq, Ali Khataw (10 K)
Second Prize	Mohd. Ali, Sarwar Alvi (10 K)
Third Prize	Farukh Mobeem, Shahid Younas (9K)

Guess Why?

1. Why shouldn't chicken take hot baths?
—They might turn into soup.

2. What do you call trousers that know what you're thinking?
—Psychopants.

3. What did the fireman say when the Church caught fire?
—Holy Smoke.

4. What did Santa say when there was a letter missing in the alphabet?
—Noel, Noel

5. Who is an honest chimney sweep?
—A sootsayer.

6. What do you call a milkman in Saudi Arabia?
—Milk Sheikh.

7. Why don't skeletons sleep alone?
—They have no guts.

8. What is an IG?
—An eskimo's house with a detached bathroom.

9. Why is Robinson Crusoe light purple?
—He was marooned on an island.

10. Why do golfers wear two pairs of pants?
—They might get a hole in one.

11. What did the Golden Gate Bridge name it's daughter?
—Bridgette.

12. Why are the figures of the statue of liberty 11 inches long?
—If they were 12 inches they would be a foot.

13. Why did the shark ignore the woman who fell in the sea?
—It was a man eating shark.

14. Why is there a scarcity of honey in Birmingham?
—There is only one bee in Birmingham.

Primary Section Staff List

Mrs. F. Ghulamali
Mr. A. Carvalho
Miss Y. Menezes
Miss N. Rodrigues
Mrs. A. Rodrigues
Mrs. J. Kapadia
Mr. G. Pecus
Mrs. L. James
Mrs. C. Vegas
Miss G. D'Souza
Mrs. M. Dias
Miss B. Dessa
Mrs. B. Fancy
Mrs. S. Akbar
Mrs. D. Rodrigues
Mrs. E. Dias
Mrs. J. Fernandes
Miss. A. Almeida
Mrs. P. Ramesh
Mrs. I. Manuel
Mrs. C. Lobo
Mrs. S. Samuel
Mrs. F. Sequeira

Mrs. D. Dias
Mrs. S. Paterson
Miss H. Kulsum
Mr. A. Brown
Mr. A. Gulfam
Miss U. Ismet
Mrs. N. Moghal
Mrs. B. Aziz
Miss H. Ghani
Mrs. N. Mumtaz
Mrs. Iris Fernandez
Sr. Anna Morrone
Miss A. Dias
Dr. (Capt.) D. D'Souza
Mr. J. Samuel
Mr. A. Dean
Miss F. Burrridge
Miss L. Martis'
Mr. J. Fernandes
Miss M. Sohan
Mr. L. D'Souza
Mr. F. Bob
Miss. J. Monteiro



A memorable photograph of the Junior School Teachers

Junior Section

1. Abdul Sattar Edhi The Living Saint of Pakistan
2. My Adventure in the Land of Ants
3. Floods
4. An Unpleasant Experience
5. An Unforgettable Incident
6. All about Scouts
7. Hobbies
8. School Magazine
9. Books are Best Friends
10. My Birthday Party
11. My Teacher
12. Flowers
13. What I'll be
14. The Cheerful Engine Driver
15. Half the profit
16. My Dream Come True.
17. Friendship
18. Hands



The Living Saint of Pakistan

He helps the poor, gives free medicine, looks after orphans, is always there to give relief during a calamity; I'm sure you already know who I am talking about. Yes, it is Abdul Sattar Edhi, the renowned Pakistani social worker and my favourite personality. His identity can be ascertained by his experienced age, warm and kind face, twinkling eyes, ageing beard, and humble shalwar kameez.

During these last forty years Sattar Edhi has started free dispensaries, blood banks, maternity homes, a nursing school, shelters for drug addicts, mentally handicapped, orphans and the aged. In addition to all this he also has ambulances both on the ground and in the air.

It is for these invaluable services of Abdul Sattar Edhi and his wife, Begum Bilquis, to Pakistan that the R'amon Award for public service was bestowed upon them in Manila in 1986.

Abdul Sattar Edhi was born in the early thirties, in a small Gujrati town in India called Bantva. After independence he migrated over to Karachi along with many other Muslims. He started work as a cloth salesman and later became a pharmacist. When his mother became paralysed and mentally ill, his wish to help the suffering people grew. He wanted to start off by building a hospital but did not have the resources.

In 1950 Edhi along with some well-off people from his community, managed to open a free dispensary. At first the dispensary was only for the people of his own community but later he opened it, free of cost, to the general public.

Edhi realised that the ambulance service in Karachi was in a desperate condition. So, with the help of donations he bought a second hand pickup and converted it into the crude form of an ambulance. Today he has over 250 ambulances at his disposal. This ambulance service is one of the most efficient in the country as they are usually the first to arrive at the scene of an accident or any other disaster.

In appreciation of his work in the early fifties, the Karachites donated a sum of about Rs. 39,000, with which he opened a free maternity home and a nursing school. It was here that he proposed to a nurse working in the maternity home. Her name was Bilquis. She accepted his proposal willingly. Now his wife and an equally initiated social worker, Bilquis shares a common interest with him. Together they make an excellent team.

Edhi strongly believes that women are more dedicated towards their work than men. So he has women drivers for a few of his ambulances. He has also put Bilquis in charge of their headquarters, the maternity home.

When a Pan Am Jetliner was hijacked and brought to Karachi in 1986, Edhi had only 54 ambulances at his disposal. Even with this small number his team dodged bullets and recovered the bodies of the dead or injured who had been shot and thrown out by the hijackers.

A few months back there was a shoot-out between the police and some dangerous dacoits. When Edhi's ambulance arrived to carry the dead, the dacoits stopped shooting and as soon as the ambulance left the area, they resumed the shoot-out.

Edhi's services are not restricted to Pakistan. He has contributed large sums of money for the famine struck families of Ethiopia, the refugees in Palestine, for a women's hostel in Thailand and has also donated an ambulance to Bangladesh.

Despite all this Edhi and Bilquis live the simplest of lives in a two room apartment along with two children. Edhi does not get paid for this work, instead uses the small interest money he gets from a few security bonds he had bought a long time back. Edhi is, without any doubt, my favourite personality. Our

teacher once told us something that I will never forget. She said "Great people were never born great. They achieved greatness through their noble deeds."

by Sriganesh Lokanathan
VII-A (Camb).

My adventure in the land of ants

One day, I was playing in my garden, when I saw some ants bringing food to their homes. I wished that I could enter their ant hill and see how they lived. As I stood there thinking, a fairy suddenly appeared and asked me why I was so sad. I told her that I was curious about the way ants lived and wished that I could see how they lived. She smiled and offered to grant me my wish. She gave me two pills and said that one would make me as small as an ant, and the other would bring me back to my normal size. Then she disappeared.

I took one of the pills she gave me and in a second, I was as small as an ant. I was still in my garden, but now it seemed like a jungle. I roamed around for a little while, and saw two worker ants coming towards me. I told them who I was and that I wanted to see their colony. They agreed. I was not scared because they seemed very kind and gentle. We finally reached a small hill. All the hills were made with earth (soil) which came out when the ants dug the tunnels. We climbed the hill till we reached a hole at the top. We went in and soon we were in a dark tunnel. After walking for a little while we came across a group of soldier ants who were guarding the entrance to the queen's chamber.

The soldier ants told the worker ants to take me to the queen. When I met the queen, she was laying eggs. She was bigger than the other ants and had wings. The queen was very happy to meet me and thanked me for dropping food near their colony. As a gesture of her appreciation, she instructed her workers to give me on a tour of the colony. We went back to the entrance where we had met the soldier ants. This time they let us pass by.

Now, we were in another tunnel; this one seemed to be a busy one and I saw many worker ants all carrying eggs. We finally came to a chamber filled with eggs. Leading from the egg chamber was another tunnel. In this worker ants were removing grubs from the hatched eggs. This tunnel led to a warm chamber filled with grubs who were being looked after and fed by the worker ants and guarded by the soldier ants. Leading from this ant nursery was another tunnel through which the worker ants were bringing food for the grubs. This tunnel led to the food chamber completely filled with food. The food chamber was full of activity. Some ants were eating food; others were carrying food to the grubs while some other were bringing food into the chamber from my garden. Here my tour guides and I had our meal consisting of bread crumbs, bits of sugar, dead flies etc. etc. I was told that this was the end of the tour.

We returned to the queen's chamber to thank her for the hospitality and to say good bye. As a token of my appreciation, I gave her a mirror and showed her how to use it. This turned out to be big mistake because when she saw her reflection in the mirror she got very upset because she had never known how ugly she was. In a fit of anger, she stung me and asked her soldiers to throw me in the dungeon where they kept the criminal ants. I got very angry when she bit me and at the instant I swallowed the second pill. Lo and behold, I was normal size again! I trampled on the queen but tried not to hurt the other ants because they had been very nice and gentle to me. Then I walked to my room. I still have the scar of the queen ant's bite.

by M. Faisal Abdul Sattar
Class VII-A

Floods

Every year one reads of floods in one river or another often causing great damage. When the floods are extensive, the water may even enter the heart of any village or city nearby.

When a flood occurs, there is damage all around. Houses topple over and the belongings of people are destroyed. People have nothing to eat and no roof to protect them. Even the means of communications are cut off. Without fodder or shelter, domestic animals die in thousands and their decomposing bodies promote contagious diseases.

After the floods, people are faced with difficult problems. Trees are uprooted, crops are ruined, store-houses and shops are washed away. Floods give rise to famine and disease, causing the death of large numbers of people.

To fight against this disaster, relief work is organized. Flood, clothes and medicine are rushed to the victims. Floods can, in a few hours, destroy an area whose restoration would take years.

Just as everything has its merits and demerits, the floods have their good points too. They spread silt on the land, making it more fertile. Still, the destruction caused by floods is far greater than the little amount of good they do.

By Adnan Ismail
Class VII-D



An unpleasant experience

My parents and I were returning home from my cousin's house at eleven o'clock one night in May 1985, when it happened. The road was rather lonely with hardly any traffic. When we passed a hospital, without any warning the street lights were suddenly switched off. The unbearable silence that followed was shattered by a loud thud on my car's bonnet.

At first my father thought that something was wrong with the car. My mother realized that we were being stoned and told me to duck behind her seat. Soon we were being pelted with stones from all directions. My car's windscreen was shattered in seconds and a glass splinter went into my mother's eye. A stone missed my father's head by barely an inch. We were all terrified. My father acted fast and drove away quickly from that area.

My car's radiator was damaged, but somehow we managed to reach home before it started to leak. My car was in a terrible condition and there were many large stones inside it. Somehow we had miraculously escaped almost unharmed. Everybody who saw our car wondered how we had managed to stay alive. We thanked God for this miracle. I hope nobody ever undergoes the kind of ordeal I have gone through.

Ryan D'Souza
VI A

An unforgettable incident

One day I was going to my aunt's house at eight o'clock in the night. On my way, I saw a man trying to climb a wall to enter a house. When I looked at him, he stopped climbing and jumped down from the wall. Before I could question him, he ran down the street. My suspicions were aroused and I had a feeling that something unpleasant would happen.

I continued walking and came across a friend of mine. The road was lonely as we walked towards my aunt's house. We reached the place forty minutes later. My aunt served us tea and some cookies. My aunt excused herself and announced that she was going to rest for a while. Some time later, we finished our dinner and decided to go to sleep.

Half asleep, I heard a noise in the direction of the kitchen. At first I thought it was a cat but soon realised that it was an intruder. Suddenly I heard somebody fiddling with the kitchen door. I went to awaken my aunt but found her soundly asleep, so decided not to disturb her. I pulled up my courage and opened the kitchen door but found no one there. Convinced that there was no one there, I tried getting back to sleep, but little did I know.

Ten minutes later, I heard the same familiar sound. I woke my friend up and told him my suspicions. To my great surprise he rushed to the bathroom and locked himself inside. Now I had to act fast. I got hold of a long stick nearby and headed towards the kitchen where I saw a shadow lurking.

The thief was entering the kitchen. He saw me and whipped out a sharp knife at me but before he could attack I screamed for help and at the same time, gave him a blow on his head with the stick I had. He had fallen down to the ground unconscious. My aunt rushed in and telephoned the police. By this time many of the neighbours had gathered around too. Soon the police arrived and took the thief away.

Everybody congratulated me on my presence of mind and bravery but advised me to get an elder for help in future. My friend came out of his hiding place like a chicken, making everybody laugh.

It was truly an unforgettable incident, don't you think so?

by Hani Ahmed
VIII - B



Presenting a cheque on behalf of the Junior School to Dr. Pfau of the Marie Adelaide Leprosy Centre is Ahmed Akbar Sheikh of class II-A

All about Scouts



Scouting teaches us discipline but it is not very difficult, infact it is quite enjoyable. At the same time, it is educational and, like mercy, "It is apt to benefit him that giveth as well as him that receiveth." These words were spoken by Baden Powell.

Lord Powell, chief scout of the world, was born in London on February 2, 1857. After his graduation, he joined the army and went upto the rank of Major General. In the summer of 1907 he held an experimental camp at Brown Sea Island and later, in 1908, he laid down his scheme of scouting for boys. Lord Baden Powell died in 1941 on the eighth of January, but his scheme of scouting is followed throughout the world even today.

The aims of scouting are many. It develops a good sense of citizenship among boys by moulding their character into an ideal shape. It promotes their physical, mental and spiritual development. It also trains the boys to be observant, obedient and self-reliant.

Scouting is one of the main extra-curricular activities at St. Patrick's High. The scouting troop is now over fourty nine years old. Two camps are held every year; the summer and winter camps. So far, our school scouts have had the opportunity to camp in Quetta, Ziarat, Swat, Kalm, Falaksar, Bahrain, Ayubia, Muree, Hyderabad and Thatta. Camp fires are usually held in Karachi and other parts of Pakistan.

The present scout troop of St. Patrick's High is divided into four different groups: Wolves, Hounds, Bats and Tigers. Four scouts from their respective groups are presently in charge of the troop.

Our scout yell is :

Chicka Licka, Chicka Licka,
Chow, Chow, Chow,
Buma Licka, Buma Licka,
Wow, Wow, Wow,
Chicka Licka, Buma Licka,
Who are we?
St. Pat's Scouts,
Can't you see.

by Khurram Jamshed
VI-B



My Hobbies

I have many hobbies, but my main hobbies are stamp-collection and reading. I have a big stamp album with stamps of many different cities, countries and events. My biggest collections are of Sri Lankan and Pakistani stamps. I have only four hundred stamps in my album,

Reading is my net hobby. My favourite books are those of "The Secret seven", "Famous Five" and "Hard Boys". I got to the British Council Library every week to borrow books. They have a wide selection of books, and I enjoy looking through them. I have a small cupboard full of my favourite books that I read when I am free. Since I am fond of reading, my parents always give me books as presents.

by Sharmilan Rayer

Age : 9 years.

Class IV - A



School Magazines

School magazines are very useful. They give an outlet to young students to express their talents. In order to write for the school magazine, boys and girls have to do an extra amount of reading of books and articles to gather material and learn to express themselves on paper. Their teachers guide and help them. The hidden abilities of many young children are brought out and developed. When the young scholars see their writings in print, they naturally feel justifiable pride and joy.

The school magazine also gives an account of activities taking place in the school throughout the year. In it are published the names and even photographs of the prize winners and this gives great encouragement to the students to do their best in classes and in sports. The parents and friends of the students, thus, get a clear idea of the progress of the school by going through its magazine. Thus the school magazine is more than just a good reading; it is a source of pride for the school.

by Umair Khan

Class VI-C

Books are best friends.

Are you looking for a friend? You are sure to benefit if you make good books your friends.

Like a friend, an interesting book will give you good company by telling you stories, jokes, riddles etc. You can also consult a book for good advice.

A book gives you knowledge and a lot of information about different things. This can help you to become good boys and sincere citizens.

You should treat your books well and take good care of them. If you ever harm a book, it will take back all the advantages it has given you.

I think that books are the best friends in the world.

by Tamiour Shahid
IV-A

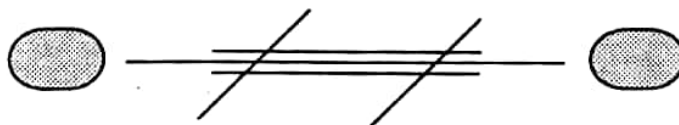


My Birthday Party

My Birthday was on the 31st of May. I called my friends and had a lovely party. My mother cooked nice food.

My friends and I played games and won prizes. The games were very nice. Everybody enjoyed themselves and said that the party was great. When I opened my presents, they too were great.

by Thaison D'Souza
Age 7 years
Class II-D



My teacher



The name of my class teacher is Mrs. Almeida.

The duty of a teacher is to teach us with love which I feel is done by her. A teacher should be like a mother to her pupils. Mrs. Almeida is just like that. She not only loves us, but also wants us to grow into real good men.

I hope I have teachers like Mrs. Almeida in all my school years.

by Atta Hussein
Age 7 years
Class II-A

Flowers

Flowers are big,
Flowers are small.
After sometime,
Each one falls.

Throughout their life,
Flowers make you gay.
And provide your garden,
With beautiful colours all day.



by Mansoor Shahid
Age 7 years
Class II-D

What I'll Be

I'll be soldier,
With medals on my chest.
My boots will always be shiny,
I'll be smarter than the rest.



by Desmond
Class I-D

What I'll Be

I'll be a sailor,
In a suit of navy-blue
I'll go to the sea in a silver ship,
With the brave men of my crew.

By Mohsin Mir
Class I-D

The cheerful engine driver

There lived a cheerful engine driver in a certain town. He always looked at the bright side of things. He always said that misfortunes are blessings in disguise. One day, he fell down from his engine and his leg had to be amputated. His friends went to the hospital, to sympathise with him. They saw no sign of grief on his face. "We are very sorry, they said. You need not be sorry, my friends," he replied with a wide smile on his face. "This is a blessing in disguise. I shall have to buy and polish only shoe in future."

by Kourosh Jahangir

Half the profit

Once a rich man invited his friends to a feast. He could not get any fish and was willing to pay any price for it. A fisherman happened to come there with very fine fish. The gatekeeper would not let him in, until he promised to pay him half of what he would get for the fish.

The rich man was greatly pleased to see the fish. He was very surprised to hear the fisherman demand a hundred lashes on his bare back for the fish. However, he failed to persuade him to ask for anything else. So he asked a servant to give him a hundred lashes as gently as possible. When the fisherman had received fifty, he cried out, "stop; stop! I have a partner in this business." The rich man asked him in great astonishment who his companion was. The fisherman disclosed the whole story. The rich man dismissed the gatekeeper at once, and gave the clever fisherman a good sum for the fish.

by Kourosh Jahangir
VIII - C

My Dream Come True

Whenever I see the moon, thousands of questions come to my mind and I wish I could pay a visit to the moon.

I wonder how at times the moon appears to be round while sometimes only a part of it can be seen.

I wish I could be the lucky person to travel to the moon in a rocket to explore it.

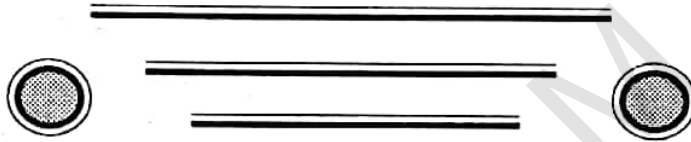
by Habib Ali
Age 7 years
Class II-A

Friendship

Friendship is one of the most precious gifts of nature. That is why we should keep the flame of friendship burning and never let it die. Friendship also brings everlasting happiness which money cannot buy.

But be careful while making friends as true happiness is gained not by a multitude of friends, but by friends of worth and choice.

By O.A. Nolhi
Class VI-C



Hands

Hands are very handy things.
Hands can wash things
Hands can squash things
Hands can gently pat your head,
Hands can clap.
Hands can flap.
Hands can point to this or that.
Hands can make things.
Hands can shake things.
Hands can flutter just like wings.
Hands can hold.
Hands can fold.
Hands can very handy things.

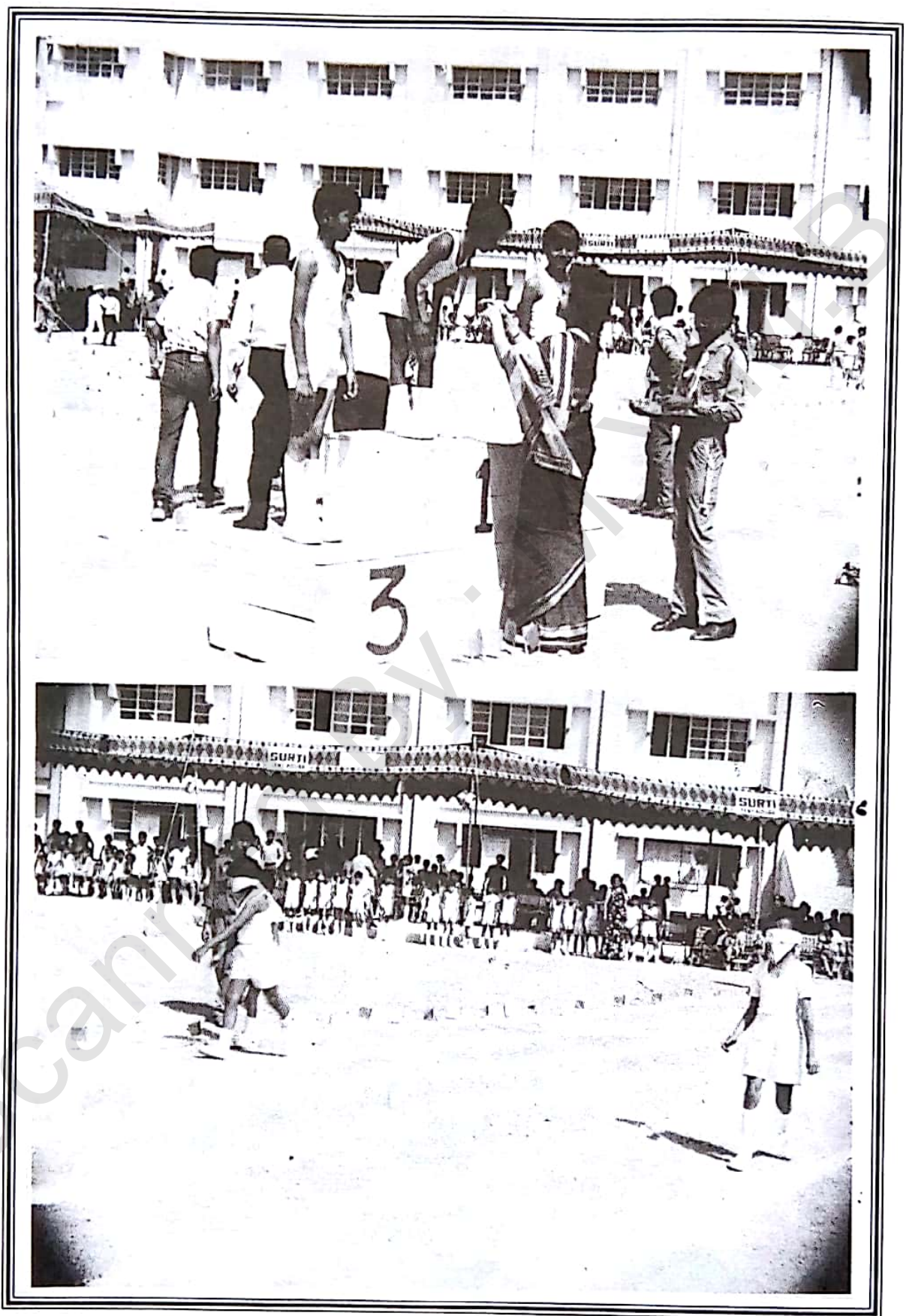


by Syed Riaz Haider
Class 5-D

FANCY DRESS SHOW AND SPORTS AT THE JUNIOR SCHOOL











Sums, Sums & Sums

Maths, Algebra, Geometry,
Thinking of them makes me sick.
The quadratic sums I've done at last,
What's the use? Time has passed.
I'd thought I'd finished for today,
But no! some more came my way.
There are some in variation,
Followed by a bad equation.
Alas! here comes theorem two,
I really wish I'd caught the flu.
We also must learn theorem five,
How will I manage to survive?
"Clang!" goes the bell hip! hip! hooray!,
No more maths for today.

What I'll Be

By Mujtaba Kasim
Class IX - A

I'll be a sailor,
In a suit of navy-blue
I'll go to the sea in a silver ship,
With the brave men of my crew.

By Mohsin Mir
Class I-D

Examine your yesterday's ledger and you will find that you are still indebted to people and to life.

Tenderness and kindness are not signs of weakness and despair, but manifestations of strength and resolution.

Remembrance is a tripping stone in the path of hope

Our worse fault is our preoccupation with the faults of others.

Poetry is a flash of lightning; it becomes mere composition when it is an arrangement of words.

I never met a conceited man whom I did not find inwardly embarrassed.

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From*



Marwat Enterprise

*With Compliments
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Mehran Tankers



TOMORROW AND ITS HORIZONS

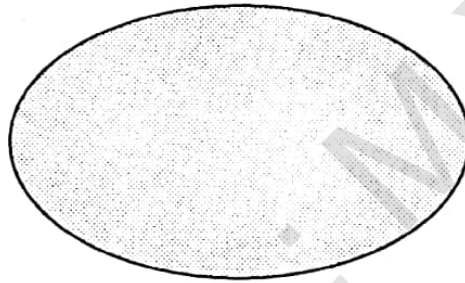
Progress is changing horizons so rapidly that no one can afford to be left behind. While in PBS we meet the challenges of today, we also keep our sights set on the opportunities of tomorrow. This is part of our conscious quest for excellence in the field of petroleum marketing to serve our people still better.



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ریل کا سفر

یوں تو سفر کرنے کے بہت سے طریقے ہیں قدیم زمانے سے لیکر آج تک ایک ملک سے دوسرے ملک تک جانے کے لیے لوگ مختلف سواری کے ذریعے جاتے تھے لیکن ریل کا سفر ایک الگ ہی سفر ہے ریل کے سفر کے لئے جب ہم پلیٹ فارم پر جاتے ہیں تو وہاں لوگوں کا بہت بڑا ہجوم ہوتا ہے سب لوگ ایک دوسرے کو دھکے دیتے ہوئے اپنی اپنی سیٹ پر اپنے اپنے ڈبے ڈھونڈنے کی کوشش کرتے ہیں کسی کو کوئی پروا نہیں ہوتی کہ وہ امیر ہے یا غریب سب دھکم دھکا کر کے اپنے ڈبوں کی طرف بھاگ رہے ہوتے ہیں۔ ریل کے سفر میں مختلف لوگوں کے ساتھ واسطہ پڑتا ہے گو کہ یہ سفر لمبا ہو۔ یہ ہر انسان کی خواہش ہوتی ہے کہ سفر اچھا گزرے تاکہ لوگ گھر میں جا کر یہ نہ کہیں کہ یار یہ کیسا انسان تھا۔ کچھ لوگ تو بہت تعاون کرتے ہیں اور کچھ تو ذرا ذرا سی بات پر چڑچڑھاتے ہیں جیسے گاڑی ان کی اپنی ملکیت ہو۔

ریل کے سفر میں بہت سی سہولتیں ہوتی ہیں لوگ اپنا سامان ایک جگہ سے بکنگ کر دیا کر جا سکتے ہیں اس میں سونے کی سہولت با تھ روم کی سہولت اور چہل قدمی کی سہولت ہوتی ہے بس میں تو آدمی ایک جگہ بیٹھے بیٹھے تھک جاتا ہے مگر اس کے برعکس ریل کے سفر میں آدمی آخری لمحے تک تازہ دم رہتا ہے۔

چھوٹے بھائی کے نام خط

سینٹ پیٹرکس اسکول

صدر کراچی

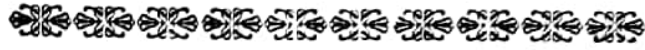
۶ مئی ۱۹۹۹ء

پیارے عظیم

مجھے پتہ چلا ہے کہ تمہاری دوستی ایسے لڑکوں کے ساتھ ہے جو سگریٹ پینے کے عادی ہیں تم فوراً ان لڑکوں کے ساتھ اٹھنا بیٹھنا چھوڑ دو ورنہ تمہیں بھی یہ بری بیماری پڑ جائے گی۔ شاید تمہیں پتہ نہیں کہ سگریٹ پینے کے کتنے نقصانات ہیں۔ سنو سگریٹ پینے سے بھی بڑے کمزور ہو جاتے ہیں اکثر کھانسی رہتی ہے۔ گلے اور منہ میں کینسر ہو جاتا ہے اگر امی ابو کو پتہ چل گیا تو انھیں بڑا دکھ ہوگا۔ تم تو ایک اچھے نیک اور فرماں بردار لڑکے ہو مجھے یقین ہے کہ تم میری نصیحت پر عمل کرو گے۔ ہم سب کا پیار۔

تمہارا بھائی
اعظم

ریل کا سفر



گرمیوں کی چھٹیوں میں ہمیں لاہور جانا پڑا کیونکہ ہمارے دادا جان ہمیں بہت دنوں سے بلارہے تھے۔ ہم نے یہ سفر ریل کے ذریعے کیا۔ ہمارے ابو نے پہلے سے ہی سیٹ اور برتھ وغیرہ بک کروالی تھیں۔ ہم نے اپنا سامان سفر باندھا اور اسٹیشن کی طرف چل دیے۔

جب ہم اسٹیشن پہنچے تو لال لال وردیوں والے قلیوں نے ہمارا سامان اٹھایا اور ہمارے ڈبے تک پہنچا دیا۔ ہم لوگ گاڑی میں بیٹھے تو تھوڑی دیر کے بعد گاڑی چل پڑی تین گھنٹوں کے بعد گاڑی حیدرآباد کے اسٹیشن پر رُکی وہاں پر مختلف قسم کے خانچے والے طرح طرح کی آدازیں لگا رہے تھے۔

اور پھر رات ہو گئی ہم نے کھانا کھایا جو ہم گھر سے لے کر آئے تھے۔ پھر سو گئے صبح جب ہم اٹھے تو ہم لاہور کے قریب پہنچ گئے۔ ہم نے گاڑی ہی میں منہ ہاتھ دھوئے اور پھر اُتی نے ہمیں چائے نکال کر دی۔

تھوڑی دیر بعد ہم لاہور پہنچ گئے ہم نے اپنا سامان سمیٹا اور گاڑی سے اتر گئے اور اسٹیشن سے باہر آکر رکشہ پر بیٹھ کر ہم اپنے دادا جان کے گھر پہنچ گئے۔

ناقابل فراموش واقعہ

یہ ایک ایسا واقعہ ہے جو میں زندگی بھر نہیں بھول سکتا ایک دن ایک کم عمر لڑکے کی سالگرہ تھی تقریباً سالگرہ بڑے لٹاٹھ سے منائی گئی تھی محلے کے تمام بچوں اور عزیز واقارب کو جمع کیا گیا تھا کیک کا ٹاگیا اور ملٹھائی، کیک، پیسٹری، چائے، بسکٹ اور میوے وغیرہ سے سب کی خاطر تواضع کی گئی ساتھیوں نے اپنی اپنی طرف سے مختلف قسم کے تحفے پیش کئے لڑکا خوشی کے مارے بھولے نہ سماتا تھا گلے میں پھولوں کے ہار تھے غرض خوب خوشیاں منائی گئی رات کو سب مہمانوں کی دعوت تھی یہ لوگ زرا مذہبی قسم کے تھے غرض مغرب کے وقت لڑکا اپنے چند ساتھیوں کے ساتھ مسجد میں نماز پڑھنے گیا۔ وہ نماز پڑھ کے گھر کے قریب پہنچا تھا کہ ایک مکان کی دوسری منزل پر کچھ گیلے رکھے تھے وہاں سے ایک گملا گرا اور قسمت کی ستم ظریفی دیکھے کہ ٹھیک اسی بجے پر آگرا اور بجہ خون میں نہا گیا اور یہ ہوش ہو کر زمین پر گر گیا اسے فوراً ہسپتال لے گئے جب ان کے گھر والوں کو پتہ چلا تو ایک کہرام مچ گیا تقریباً ایک گھنٹے کے بعد لڑکے کی لاش گھونچ گئی اس نے ہسپتال میں ہی دم توڑ دیا محفل خوشی بزم ماتم میں بدل گئی اس ناقابل فراموش واقعہ کو میں کبھی نہیں بھول سکتا۔

چھوٹے بھائی کے نام خط

سینٹ پیٹرکس اسکول

صدر کراچی

۴ مئی ۱۹۹۰

پیارے علی

مجھے پتہ چلا ہے کہ آج کل تمہاری دوستی ایسے لڑکوں کے ساتھ ہے جو سکریٹ پینے کے عادی ہیں تم فوراً لڑکوں کے ساتھ اٹھنا بیٹھنا بند کر دو ورنہ تم کو بھی یہ بری عادت پڑھ جائے گی شاید تم کو معلوم نہیں کہ سکریٹ پینے کے کتنے نقصانات ہیں! سنو سکریٹ پینے سے پیٹھ بڑے کمزور پڑ جاتے ہیں گلے اور منہ میں کینسر ہو جاتا ہے اکثر کھانسی رہتی جس سے سانس کی تکلیف ہو جاتی ہے اگر امی اور ابو کو اس کی خبر ہو گئی تو انہیں بڑا دکھ ہو گا تم تو ایک اچھے نیک اور فرمان بردار لڑکے ہو مجھے یقین ہے کہ تم میری نصیحت پر ضرور عمل کرو گے۔ ہم سب کا پیار

تمہارا بڑا بھائی

حامد

ایک ناقابل فراموش واقعہ

فرحان ایوب بشم ای رول 24

ایک دن کا ذکر ہے کہ ہم سب دوستوں نے امتحان ختم ہونے کے بعد پروگرام بنایا کہ کہیں تفریح کے لئے چلا جائے۔ کوئی کسی جگہ کا مشورہ دیتا کوئی کسی جگہ کا دیتا۔ لیکن ایک دوست نے جیسے ہی ہا کس بے کا نام لیا تو سب خوشی سے اچھل پڑے۔ ہم نے دوسرے ہی دن گاڑی کرائے پر لی اور ہا کس بے کی طرف روانہ ہوئے۔ جیسے ہی ہم ہا کس بے پہنچے تو پانی کو دیکھ کر ہمارا دل چاہا کہ فوراً پانی میں گھس جائیں لیکن ابھی تک ہمیں ہٹ نہیں ملا تھا۔ ہم نے ہٹ کرائے پر لیا اور سب سامان اس میں رکھا اور جلدی سے کپڑے بدل کر پانی میں گھس گئے۔ ہم نے اپنے ساتھ ایک بال بھی لے لیا تھا۔

ہم بال کھیلنے میں لطف اندوز ہو رہے تھے کہ اچانک ہمارے دوستوں میں سے ایک نے ایسی رگ لگائی کہ بال بہت دور چلی گئی۔ اسی دوست نے سب سے پہلے بال اٹھانا چاہا تاکہ ایک اور رگ لگائے۔ جیسے ہی اس نے رگ لگانی چاہی تو اس کا پاؤں پھسل گیا اور وہ لہروں کے ساتھ ساتھ آگے جاتا رہا۔ ہم نے اور بہت سے آدمیوں نے اسے ڈھونڈا مگر وہ آج تک نہ ملا۔

”یہ میری زندگی کا سب سے ناقابل فراموش واقعہ ہے۔“

زندگی کیا ہے؟

ایک تحفہ! مگر بہت جلد چھین جانے والا

ایک شمع! مگر بہت جلد بجھ جانے والی

ایک زیور! مگر بہت جلد چوری ہو جانے والا

ایک افسانہ! مگر بہت جلد ختم ہونے والا

ریت کا ایک گھروندا! مگر بہت جلد گرنے والا

سمندر کی ایک لہر! مگر بہت جلد مٹ جانے والی

ماچس بنانے کا کارخانہ

ماچس جس کو ہم تیلی بھی کہتے ہیں ایک ضرورت کی چیز تھی لیکن اب لائٹ کے آجانے کی وجہ سے اس کی مانگ کم ہو چکی ہے اس کے ذریعے ہم آگ جلاتے ہیں، جتنے اس کے فوائد ہیں اتنے ہی اس کے نقصانات ہیں۔

ماچس پاپلر درخت کی لکڑی سے بنتی ہے یہ لکڑی صرف پشاور میں اگتی ہے۔ کیونکہ باقی صوبوں میں مٹی اس کے لیے موضوع نہیں ہے۔ سب سے پہلے اس کو کارخانے میں لایا جاتا ہے پھر اس کی چھال کو اتارا جاتا ہے۔ پھر اس کو ایسی مشین میں ڈالا جاتا ہے جس میں

اس کو اس طرح پھیلتے ہیں جیسے ہم ایک سیب کو پھیل رہے ہوں تو جو پھیلنے کی صورت ہوتی ہے اس طرح اس کو شکل دی جاتی ہے۔ اس مشین کے

اگلے حصے میں اس کو تیلیوں کی شکل میں کاٹا جاتا ہے پھر ان کو ایک گول ڈم میں ڈالا جاتا ہے جہاں سے ان کو انڈر پریشر کے ذریعے ایک اور عمارت میں

بھیج دیا جاتا ہے۔ جہاں ان کو سکھایا جاتا ہے پھر واپس اسی طریقے سے ایک اور عمارت میں بھیج دیا جاتا ہے یہاں پر ایک بہت بڑی مشین ہے جس میں کئی پلیٹیں ہیں۔ ہر پلیٹ پر کئی موریوں میں ایک تیلی لگ جاتی ہے تھوڑی

دور جا کر ان کو مصالحہ لگتا ہے پھر ان کو تھوڑی دیر کے لئے اسی پلیٹ پر سکھایا جاتا ہے پھر ان کو ایک ٹرے میں اتار لیا جاتا ہے پھر باری آتی ہے

ان کو ڈبیوں میں بند کرنے کی اس کیلئے ایک الگ مشین ہے جس میں ایک طرف ڈبیاں رکھ دی جاتی ہیں اور ایک ایک طرف ماچس کی

بڑی ٹرے رکھ دی جاتی ہے۔ ڈبیاں مشین کی ہلنے والی ٹرے پر لگ جاتی ہیں تھوڑی جا کر مشین کے ذریعے ہی ان ڈبیوں کو کھولا جاتا ہے پھر مشین

ہی ان کے اندر ماچس بھرتی ہے اور آگے جا کر مشین ہی ان کو بند کر دیتی ہے اس کے بعد ان کو بارہ بارہ ڈبیوں کے پیکیٹ کی صورت میں

بند کیا جاتا ہے پیکنگ دو طریقوں سے کی جاتی ہے ایک ہاتھ سے اور دوسری مشین سے اس کے بعد ان کو کارٹنوں میں بند کیا

جاتا ہے اور بازار میں بھیج دیا جاتا ہے۔ کہنے کو تو ماچس کی ڈبیاں ایک چھوٹی سی چیز ہے لیکن اس کو بنانے کیلئے کتنا تر د

کرنا پڑتا ہے۔

علم اور انسانی سیرت



علم کے معنی ہیں کسی چیز کا معلوم ہونا یا جاننا۔ علم ہی سے انسان، انسانیت، انسانی سیرت اور حکم دار شخصیت ہے۔ ماضی کے بڑے بڑے رہنما، جانباز اور مشہور شخصیات سب کا ایک ہی منشور رہا ایک ہی عمل رہا اور ایک ہی مقصد رہا۔ علم کے ذریعے اپنے حریف کو شکست دینا، علم کے ذریعے دنیا کے سامنے اپنی صلاحیتوں کا لوہا منوانا۔ علم کے ذریعے اپنے وطن کی خدمت کرنا اور علم کے ذریعے اپنے حق کو حاصل کرنا۔ وہ اپنی جسمانی طاقت سے زیادہ علم پر بھروسہ کرتے تھے اور یہی وجہ تھی کہ انھیں کبھی شکست کا منہ دیکھنا نہ پڑا لیکن انھوں نے کبھی اپنے علم کا غلط استعمال نہ کیا کبھی کسی کا برا نہ چاہا وہ ہمیشہ اپنی نیت صاف رکھتے۔ پس! علم کی بدولت انسان نے بہت کچھ سیکھا اور علم ہی کی بدولت خدا کو پہچانا۔

علم سے دنیا کی خوبصورتی ہے۔ اس کل کائنات کا حسن ہے اور علم ہی سے انسان کی شخصیت کا وقار ہے۔ جس شخص نے علم حاصل نہ کیا وہ گویا اس دنیا کے لطف سے محروم رہا۔ علم کے بغیر دنیا کی تمام آسائشیں بیکار ہیں، تمام نعمتیں فضول ہیں علم وہ دولت ہے جسے نہ کوئی چور چُرا سکتا ہے۔ نہ کوئی چھین سکتا ہے۔ علم کے ذریعے انسان بہت کچھ سیکھتا ہے اسے صحیح اور غلط کی پہچان ہوتی ہے علم کے ذریعے انسان بڑے، بوڑھے اور چھوٹے کی تمیز کر سکتا ہے۔ پس! علم سے ہی جنت کمائی جاتی ہے علم کے بلے شمار شیعے ہیں۔ علم کی بدولت انسان اپنے مستقبل کیلئے ایک ہوار راہ اختیار کر سکتا ہے۔ علم کبھی ختم نہیں ہوتا۔ جتنا سیکھو اتنا کم ہے۔ غرض علم وہ کتاب ہے کہ جس میں انسان اپنی مشکلات کا حل جب چاہے تلاش کر سکتا ہے۔

میری پہلی محبت

XX

میں اس سے پہلی دفعہ آٹھویں کلاس شروع ہونے سے پہلے ملا۔ اس جیسی تو بہت تھیں لیکن اس کی تو بات کچھ اور تھی۔ وہ مجھے اچھی باتیں سکھاتی۔ وہ اس دن سے ہمارے گھر میں رہنے لگی۔ بہت دفعہ وہ مجھے کہانی سناتے سناتے سو جاتی۔ وہ میرے ساتھ روزانہ اسکول جاتی۔ اس نے پوری آٹھویں جماعت میں میری پڑھنے میں مدد کی میں اس سے بہت محبت کرتا تھا۔ لیکن مجھے یہ معلوم نہیں کہ وہ مجھ سے محبت کرتی تھی یا نہیں۔ میرے خیال سے وہ مجھ سے بہت زیادہ محبت کرتی تھی۔ وہ بہت اچھی تھی اور اس کا نام تھا۔

”اردو کی آٹھویں کتاب“

”منشیات ایک قاتل زہر“

منشیات کی تباہ کاریوں کو انسانی ذہن سوچنے سے قاصر ہے۔ یہ ایک ایسی لعنت اور ایک ایسا بھیانک کنواں ہے جس میں انسان ایک دفعہ ڈوبنے کے بعد دوبارہ ابھر نہیں سکتا۔ یہ ایک ایسا ناریک غار ہے جس میں کبھی روشنی کی کرن نہیں پھوٹ سکتی۔ ہمارے مذہب اسلام میں تو نشہ حرام قرار دیا گیا ہے جس میں نشہ کرنے والے اور نشے کی ترغیب دینے والے دونوں مجرم اور قابل گرفت ہیں۔ مگر ہمارا معاشرہ جو کہ دھیرے دھیرے اپنی اسلامی اقدار کو بھولتا جا رہا ہے اس کے لیے اس زہر میں بڑی تسکین ہے۔ یہ ایک ایسا زہر ہے جو کہ نہ صرف نشہ کرنے والے کو دھیرے دھیرے گھن کی طرح چاٹتا ہے بلکہ اس کے پورے خاندان کو تباہی اور بربادی کے دھانے پر لا کر کھڑا کر دیتا ہے۔ نشہ کرنے والا خود اور اپنے پورے خاندان کو اندھیروں میں دھکیل دیتا ہے۔

وقت گزرنے کے ساتھ ساتھ منشیات کا مسئلہ بھیانک روپ دھار رہا ہے۔ ہیروئن اور دیگر منشیات جو پہلے معاشرہ کے مخصوص طبقات میں استعمال کی جاتی تھیں۔ اب مختلف راسخوں سے ہمارے معاشرے کے گلی کوچوں میں پھیل گئیں ہیں۔ بلکہ اب تو تعلیمی ادارے یعنی وہ مقدس جگہیں جہاں طالب علم حصول علم کی خاطر آتا ہے اس لعنت کا شکار ہیں۔ اس سلسلے میں اعداد و شمار سے یہ بات سامنے آئی ہے کہ طلبہ و طالبات کی ایک بڑی تعداد اس لعنت کے ہاتھوں زندہ درگور ہے۔ ہمارے ملک میں اس لعنت کے کاروبار میں ملوث گروہ اتنا مضبوط ہو گیا ہے کہ سرکاری ادارے بھی اس کے سامنے بے بس ہیں۔ کیوں کہ یہ وہ لوگ ہیں جو کہ اتنے با اثر ہیں کہ ان پر ہاتھ ڈالنا خود اپنی جان گنوا دینے کے مترادف ہے اور ان ہی لوگوں کی سرپرستی اس کاروبار کو قائم رکھنے اور پھیلانے میں مددگار ہے۔ کیونکہ اس کاروبار سے حاصل ہونے والے سرمائے میں اتنی چمکا چوند ہے جو ان کی آنکھوں کو خیرہ کر دیتی ہے۔ اور اس کے پیچھے آنے والا اندھیرا ان کو نظر نہیں آتا۔

چنانچہ اس سے پہلے کہ اس لعنت کے تباہ کن نتائج پوری قوم کا مستقبل تاریک بنادیں، ہمیں یہ عہد کرنا چاہئے کہ وطن عزیز کو اس لعنت سے ہمیشہ ہمیشہ کیلئے پاک کر دیں گے مگر اس مشکل ترین کام کو کرنے کیلئے تمام والدین، اساتذہ، نوجوانوں اور ملک کے ہر ایک شہری کو اپنا کردار ادا کرنا ہو گا اور اس کے ساتھ ساتھ حکومت کو بھی منشیات کے خلاف بھرپور کام کرنا ہو گا اور منشیات کے اسمگلروں کو اپنی گرفت میں کرنا ہو گا۔ اسی طرح ہم سب مل کر اس گلشن کی حفاظت اور تعمیر کر سکتے ہیں ورنہ یہ بات یاد رہے کہ ریل کی پٹری پر چلنے والے کا کیا انجام ہوتا ہے

سائے

یو نہی چلتے چلتے
زندگی کی کٹھن راہوں پہ
سُتالیا کرتے ہیں ہم
یادوں کے گھنے سائے تلے
وہ بچپن کے معصوم قہقہے
وہ بزرگوں کا دستِ شفقت
وہ پیار بھرے جھگڑے
اپنے ساتھیوں کے ساتھ
زندہ ہے میرے اندر
وہ کھویا ہوا ماضی
جو گھڑی دو گھڑی کے لئے
جلوہ گر ہو جاتا ہے.....!

افشاں صدیقی
۱۷ لیول

خاص خاص باتیں

رشتوں اور راستوں میں بڑا فرق ہوتا ہے۔
رشتے سردی جذبات سے کٹ جاتے ہیں۔ راستے
گرمی جذبات سے کٹ جاتے ہیں۔

خواب دیکھنے کیلئے سونا ضروری ہوتا ہے اور انہی
خوابوں کو سپر کرنے کے لئے جاگنا ضروری ہوتا ہے۔
بغیر سوچے سمجھے تقلید کرنا بے وقوفی کی علامت ہے
انسان حقیقت کے سامنے آنکھیں بند کر سکتا ہے
مگر یادداشت کے سامنے آنکھیں بند نہیں ہوتیں



میرے ساتھی طالب علم

ہمارے اسکول کے اے لیول کا شعبہ دو حصوں میں تقسیم ہے۔ ایک سائنس اور دوسرا کامرس جس کی اتفاق سے میں طالب علم ہوں۔ ساہا سال سے کامرس کا شعبہ اپنی غیر نصیبی سرگرمیوں کی وجہ سے مشہور رہا ہے کہتے ہیں کہ یہاں کے طالب علم پڑھائی سے زیادہ اسکول کے ماحول رنگارنگ بنانے میں نمایاں رہے ہیں۔ جب ہم نے اسکول کی قدم بوسی کی تو یہ بات کافی حد تک دل کو لگی۔ کیونکہ ہماری پڑوسی سائنس کلاس عینک پوش اور ابامیاں کے زمانے کا طرز انداز رکھنے والوں میں خود کفیل تھی اللہ تعالیٰ کی بنائی ہوئی یہ مخلوق اپنا بیشتر وقت اپنی جماعت یا پھر کتب خانے کی نظر کر دیتے ہیں۔ خیر پڑوسیوں کی بات تو دوسری ہے یہاں اپنوں کا حال بھی کچھ کم نہیں۔ ہماری جماعت کے چند حصے ہیں جو کہ دانشمندی جسمانی ڈبل ڈول اور ذہنی ہم آہنگی پر مشتمل ہیں۔ ہر روز سبق کے آغاز سے قبل ہماری جماعت کی روایت کے مطابق سب ہم آواز ہو کر یہ ہی دعا کرتے ہیں کہ وقت کا بہاؤ تیز ہو جائے اور سبق کھٹھر جائے۔ خلاف توقع دعائیں کم ہی رنگ لاتی ہیں لیکن پھر بھی ہماری جماعت کے صنفِ کرخت سے تعلق رکھنے والے گرجوش طالب علم اس سبق کو وقت کی نا انصافی سمجھ کر قبول کرنے سے گریز کرتے ہیں اور اپنی ساری غیر معمولی صلاحیتیں بروئے کار لاتے ہوئے ساری جماعت کو تفریح کا موقع فراہم کرتے ہیں انہی اس زطل بازی کی حوصلہ افزائی کرنے کیلئے مخالف جنس کی ایک شوخ سی دلی ہوئی ہنسی ہی کافی ہوتی ہے۔ آخر کار جب ہمارے استاد محترم کے ذہن میں یہ بات آ جاتی ہے کہ یہ ناٹک وقت گزاری کیلئے ہے اور ان چند گرجوش طالب علموں کو دروازے کا رخ کرنے کا اشارہ کرتے ہیں تو وہ بیچارے دل برداشتہ ہو کر اپنا منہ بند کر لیتے ہیں۔

ہماری جماعت میں خدا تعالیٰ کی بنائی ہوئی کچھ ایسی ایجادات بھی ہیں جن کے ہونے کا احساس بہت کم ہوتا ہے۔ وہ لوگ غالباً چپ کار روزہ رکھ کر اسکول تشریف لاتے ہیں اور اگر وہ جماعت میں آکر ہماری حوصلہ افزائی نہ بھی کریں تو بھی انکے علاوہ کسی اور کو کوئی فرق پڑنے کا بہت کم امکان ہوگا۔ صنفِ نازک جو کہ اقلیتی جماعت ہے اپنا لوہا اکثر اوقات انگریزی زبان کی جماعت میں ہی منوایا پاتی ہے۔ جہاں انکو (مذرت کے ساتھ) واقفیت عامہ سے زیادہ اور عقل سے کم کام لینا پڑتا ہے اور تو میں اپنی جماعت کے بارے میں کیا عرض کروں یہاں ہر ایک اپنی زبان بولتا ہے۔ بس یہ کہ اگر اللہ تعالیٰ ہم کو اپنی بنائی ہوئی ہر قسم کی مخلوقات سے نہیں نوارتا تو ہم یقیناً یکسانیت کا شکار ہو جاتے اور پھر ہم کو کسی پر رونے یا ہنسنے یا رنج و رشک کرنے کا کہاں موقع ملتا۔

سات کلیاں



- ۱۔ تینوں پر ایمان رکھیں۔
اللہ ، رسول ، قیامت
- ۲۔ تینوں کو ہمیشہ یاد رکھیں۔
نصیحت ، احسان ، موت
- ۳۔ تینوں کا احترام کریں۔
والدین ، استاد ، قانون
- ۴۔ تینوں کا ہمیشہ خیال رکھیں۔
وقت ، صحت ، مستقبل
- ۵۔ تینوں کو عزیز رکھیں۔
ایمان ، سچائی ، نیکی
- ۶۔ تینوں پر قابو رکھیں۔
غصہ ، زبان ، نفس
- ۷۔ تینوں کے لئے لڑیں۔
قوم ، ملک ، حق

اس واقعہ کے بعد تقریباً روز ہی بچے کو اسکول لے جاتے لاسے وقت شاذ یہ ایسے بے شمار واقعات سے دوچار ہوتی۔ وہ دیکھتی کہ خوب رو دہیہ اور توانا نوجوان جو کبھی ہر ایک کی نظروں کا مرکز تھے۔ اب زرد رنگت اور کمزور جسموں کے ساتھ کسی بھی خشک گندے نالے میں بیٹھے سگریٹ کی پٹیوں کو توڑ موڑ رہے ہیں۔ کبھی وہ انکو کوڑے کے ڈھیر پر بیٹھے گلے سٹریں پھلوں اور چھلکوں سے اپنے پیٹ کی آگ بجھاتے دیکھتی۔ میلے کچیلے کپڑوں میں ملبوس یہ ہیروئین زدہ لوگ دیکھنا اس کا معمول ہو گیا۔ اور اسے اپنی پہلی سوچ کو بدلنا پڑا کہ ۲۷ سیریل میں مبالغہ آرائی ہوتی ہے۔ اور اب اسے اس بات کا شدید احساس ہونے لگا کہ اس ہیروئین نے واقعی ملک بھر کو نچا رکھا ہے لاکھوں گھروں کا آرام و سکون برباد کر رکھا ہے وہ سوچتی کہ یہ زہریلی دھند پاک وطن کے نہ جانے کس گوشے سے ابھری پھر اسکا ذہن یہ موزنہ کرنے پر مجبور ہو گیا کہ وہ مشرق وسطیٰ میں دس سال گزار کر آئی ہے وہاں اسلامی معاشرت و اقدار کی قدر کی جاتی ہے۔ اسلامی قوانین کا احترام کیا جاتا ہے لوگ بے خوف و خطر ہر قسم کی تخریبی آلودگی سے پاک ماحول میں سانس لیتے ہیں۔ لیکن اس کے برعکس اسلامی نظریات پر حاصل کیا ہوا ملک ان تمام خصوصیات سے بے بہرہ ہے۔ پھر وہ اللہ تعالیٰ سے دعا کرتی کہ "یارب العالمین! پاک وطن کی سرزمین کو تمام آلودگیوں سے پاک کر۔ جھوٹ، فریب، دغا، لالچ، ہوس، حسد، دشمنی یہ تمام عناصر یہاں کی فضا میں رچ بس گئے ہیں۔ اور یہاں کی فضا زہریلی دھند کی صورت اختیار کر گئی ہے۔ اے اللہ تعالیٰ تو اس دھند کو اپنی رحمت سے دور کر۔ آمین!"



زہریلی دُھند

۲۰ اکتوبر ۱۹۸۲ء کو جب شازیہ دس سال بعد وطن لوٹی۔ تو اُسکا رواں رواں پلے پناہ خوشیوں سے جھوم رہا تھا

بچے بھی خوش تھے اس کے شوہر کے چہرے پر بھی خوشی اور اطمینان کے ملے جلے تاثرات نمایاں تھے۔

انکی جائے رہائش کراچی تھی۔ خاندان کے ہر فرد نے ان کا بھرپور استقبال کیا۔ دوسرے دن شازیہ کے بھائی نے ایک شاندار دعوت کا اہتمام کیا۔ کھانے کے بعد سب مل جل کر بیٹھے اور دیسی پردیس کی باتیں ہونے لگیں، باتوں کے دوران ماموں جان نے کہا کہ ”بیٹا آج کل یہاں ہیروئین کی بہت بڑی لغت پھیلی ہوئی ہے۔“ ایسے..... ہیروئین کی لغت ہیہ ہیروئین کیا؟ شازیہ نے حیرت سے پوچھا۔ تو شازیہ کے بھتیجے نے اسکی وضاحت کردی، کہنے لگا۔ ”پھوپھی جان فلموں میں ناچنے والی ہیروئین نہیں، یہ ایسی ہیروئین ہے جس نے سارے ملک کو نچا رکھا ہے، پھوپھی جان۔ یہ ایک نشہ ہے۔ یہ بات سن کر شازیہ حیرت اور پریشانی میں ڈوب گئی۔ پھر ۷-۸ ڈراموں اور مختلف پروگراموں کے ذریعہ شازیہ کو ہیروئین کے متعلق مزید معلومات ہوئیں۔ ان معلومات کو بھی وہ سچ جھوٹ کی آمیزش سمجھتی رہی۔ اور یہ سوچ کر سر جھٹک دیتی کہ اسلامی بنیادوں پر تعمیر کردہ پاک وطن میں ایسا نہیں ہو سکتا۔

لیکن..... ٹھیک دو ماہ بعد اُسے اپنی اس سوچ کو بدلنا پڑا۔ وہ اپنے بیٹے کو اسکول چھوڑنے جا رہی

تھی کہ گلی میں اسے چند بچوں کا جھوم نظر آیا۔ وہ کسی شخص کے گرد دائرہ بنا کر کھڑے تھے۔ اور ٹھوکریں مار مار کر ہنس رہے تھے۔

شازیہ نے قریب جا کر دیکھا تو رحم و ہمدردی سے اُسکا دل بھر آیا..... اس نے دیکھا کہ ایک خوبصورت نوجوان عورت

دنیا و ما فہیا سے بے خبر بے ہوش پڑی ہے۔ کسی بچے کی ٹھوکر پر کبھی کبھی اسکی بڑی بڑی نرکسی آنکھیں نیم وا ہو جاتیں اور

بازوؤں میں ہلکی سی جنبش ہوتی شازیہ نے بچوں کو ڈانٹا کہ کیوں تنگ کر رہے ہو بے چاری بیمار عورت کو۔ تو بچوں نے جلد کانٹے

بات کاٹتے ہوئے کہا کہ ”آنٹی یہ عورت بیمار نہیں ہے۔ اس نے ہیروئین پی رکھی ہے۔“ یہ سن کر اس کے دل کو دھچکا سا

لگا۔ اسلامی ملک میں عورت کی اس آبروریزی پر اسکا دل خون کے آنسو رونے لگا پھر اس نے فوراً ایدھی ٹرسٹ والوں کو

فون کیا۔ تقریباً دس منٹ بعد ان کی گاڑی آئی۔ اور گلی کو بچوں میں رسوا ہوتی ہوئی عورت کو ”اپنا گھر“ جیسی محفوظ

جگہ پر لے گئی۔

اگر آپ عظیم بننا چاہتے ہیں

تو سب سے عظیم ہستی سب سے عظیم طاقت سے
اپنا رشتہ مضبوط بنائیے۔ اس کا قرب حاصل
کیجئے۔ اس کے قریب تر ہو جائیے۔ انسان کی بیشتر
طاقتیں اس بات پر منحصر ہیں کہ وہ اللہ سے کتنا
نزدیک ہے اس نے اس سے کیسا رشتہ قائم کیا
ہے۔ جتنا وہ اللہ سے قرب بڑھائے گا اتنی اسکی
صلاحیتیں بڑھتی جائیں گی اور انسان کی زندگی
عظیم ہوگی۔



ایک خوبصورت منظر

میں وادی کاغان کے سرکاری ڈاک بنگلے سے صبح ہوتے ہی نکل کھڑا ہوا۔ اندر کے مقابلے میں ڈاک بنگلے کی محفوظ دیواروں کے باہر کافی خنکی تھی اور ہوا میں ملی ملی مٹی کی سوندی مہک پر کیف جذبات کو جگا رہی تھی۔ ایسا معلوم ہو رہا تھا جیسے رات کسی پہرہ لگا بھوار پڑی ہو جب میں ڈاک بنگلے کے دالان سے اتر کر نیچے باغیچے میں آیا تو ٹھنڈی ٹھنڈی ہوا پر کیف ہوا کے جھونکے میرے رخساروں کو چھوتے اور میرے بالوں کو پھیلاتے ہوئے گزے اور ایک نئی تازگی کے احساس نے مجھے آگھیرا۔ مجھے رہ رہ کر اس بات کا احساس ہونے لگا کہ مجھ جیسے لوگ جو شہر میں رہ کر اپنے آپ کو کتنا خوش قسمت گردانتے ہیں۔ وہ درحقیقت کتنے بد قسمت ہیں کہ انہیں تازگی اور صحت مند آب و ہوا بھی میسر نہیں۔

میں نے اس احساس کمتری کو جھٹکتے ہوئے اپنے ارد گرد کا جائزہ لیا تو دل جھوم گیا۔ میرے سامنے ہی تالاب میں پڑے سفید اور گلابی کنول شبنم کی نرم نرم بوندوں کے نیچے سے مسکرا رہے تھے اور سفید موتیا اپنے دھلے ہوئے سراپے کے ساتھ مجھے صبح کے آغاز پر خوش آمدید کہہ رہا تھا۔ رات کی رانی شاید رات بھر اپنی مہک لٹا کر اب آرام کر رہی تھی جبکہ پاس ہی لگے سرخ گلاب ہوا سے اٹکھیلیاں کر رہے تھے۔ باغیچے کے کونے پے لگے بڑے سے آم کے درخت نے میری توجہ اپنی طرف کھینچی اس پر بیٹھی کوئل اپنے خوبصورت اور منفرد انداز میں گانا گانا گا کر آموں کی آمد کا اعلان کر رہی تھی۔ آم کے پیڑ کے اوپر بہت سے پرندے ٹولیوں کی شکل میں مسدلا رہے تھے اور اپنی مخصوص بولیاں بول رہے تھے۔

اس دلفریب شور کے پیچھے گہری خاموشی تھی۔ وادی کاغان کے لوگ رات بھر جشن منا کر اب گہری نیند کی آغوش میں تھے پوری بستی دھند و شبنم میں نہائی ہوئی تھی اور ملہاتے سبز و شاداب کھیت دور سے انگڑائی لیتے نظر آ رہے تھے ایک آدھ ہی گھر سے دھواں نکلتا دکھائی دے رہا تھا جس سے وادی میں زندگی کے آثار نمودار ہو رہے تھے۔ دور سے ٹمین کی دھلی ہوئی چھتوں پر طلوع ہوتے ہوئے آفتاب کا عکس بڑا پر کیف لگ رہا تھا اور اس پاس سے مرغوں کی سرملی بانگیں ماحول کی خاموشی اور سکوت کو توڑ رہی تھیں۔

غرض وہ دبی خاموشی اور ہلچل تاریکی اور اجالا، گرمی و خنکی اور دل بھانے والی مہک کے دلفریب مناظر میرے دل و دماغ پر برسوں نقش رہیں گے۔

مدیر: افشاں صدیقی

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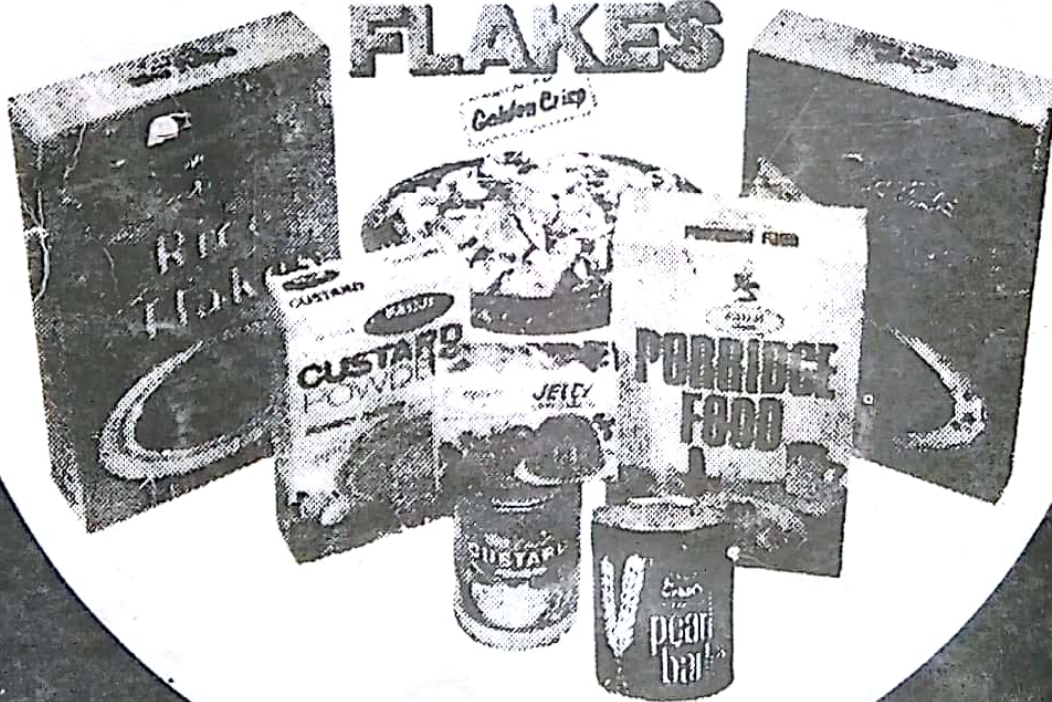
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